



COMICS

FEATURE

OCTOBER

MICHAEL, THIS IS
ONE ROBBERY I'LL
SOLVE BEFORE
THAT SMART CLOCK
GETS HERE!

JOE PALOOKA

CHARLIE CHAN

JANE ARDEN

CAPTAIN
FORTUNE

THE
CLOCK

NO. 25 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER.

**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK** FOR ONLY **\$1.00**

WITH ANY
REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fiber board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

**THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU
LEARN TYPING FREE**

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of Ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line space; paper finger; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 8 1/2" wide; writes lines 6 1/2" wide; black key cards and white letters; rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 196-14
445 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10¢ a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

I GUESS
YOUSE KNOW
THE FELLA
T'S MISTER
WEDGEBOTTOM
--- NOBODY
DON'T LIKE
HIM ---
AN' HE DON'T
PLAY NO
LIBBY!



THIS IS
THAT BIG
LEVITICUS
--- I JUST
SNAPPED
THIS PHOTO
IN TIME!!
HE WAS
THE
STRANGEST
FELLA I
EVER MET.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS ME IN THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR WHICH BELONGED TO MIKE BRANNER'S DOP--THAT IS MIKE AT THE STEERING WHEEL



ONCE HE WAS GON' TO A PIONE IN THIS CAR AN' MR. BRANNER COULDN'T GIT IT STARTED! WHEN IT DID GIT STARTED WHY IT WAS ALREADY NIGH AN' WE DINT

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS HERE'S MY COUSIN ADELA SHE ALWAYS COMES UP WHEN SHE COOKS--SO WE HIDE BUT SHE'S REALLY VERY NICE AND MEANS NO HARM

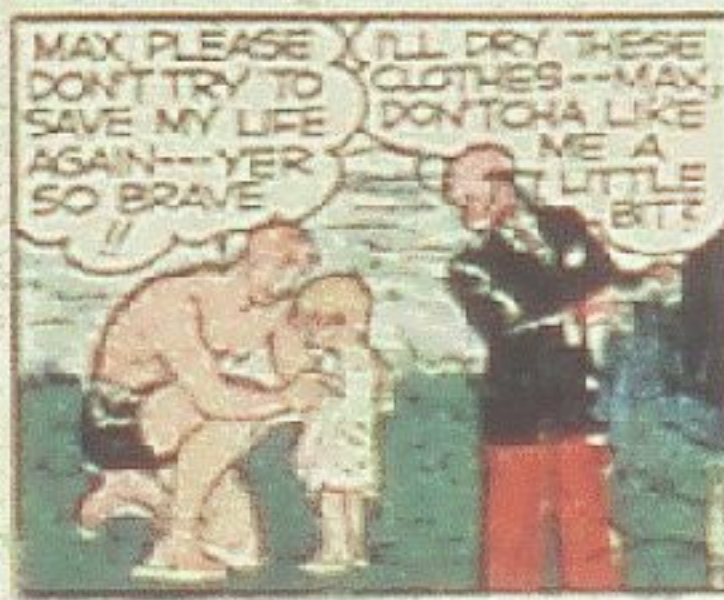
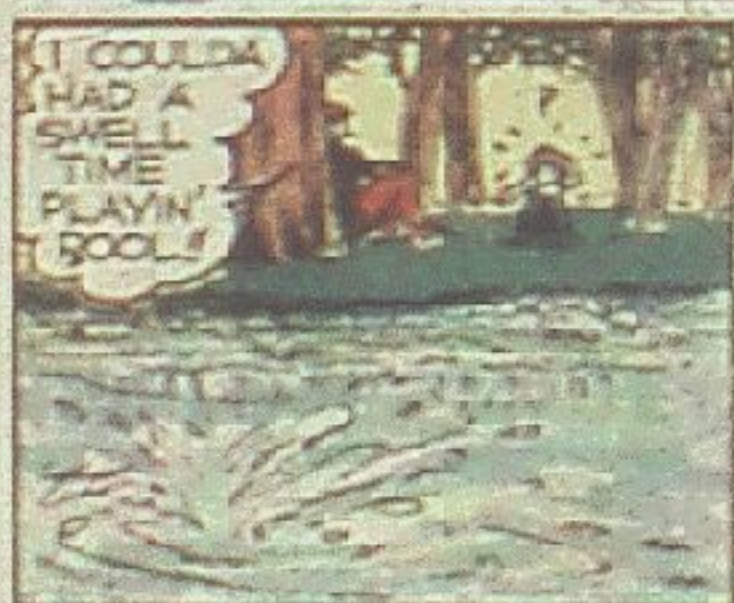
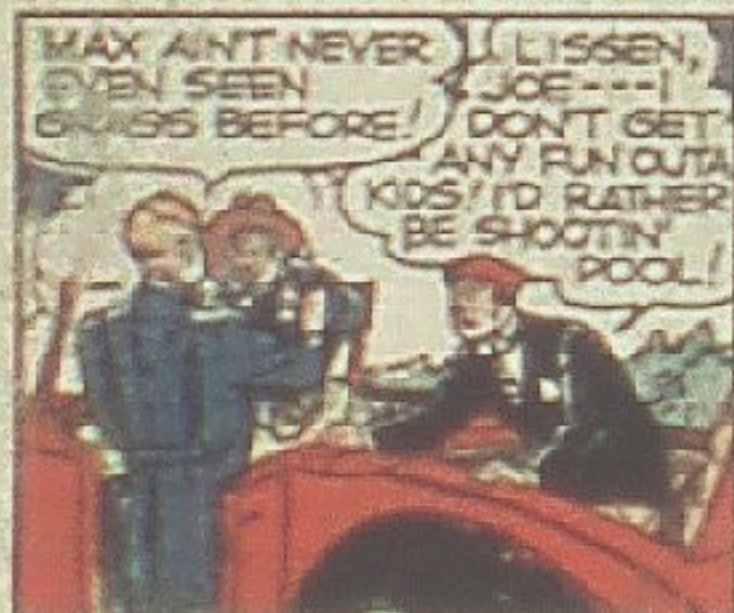


AN' HERE'S MY MOM AN' POP'S WEDDIN' PITCHER! I GIT A BIG THRILL WHEN I LOOK AT IT--THEY'RE THE BEST MOM AN' POP THAT EVER WAS, I GUESS!



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

GOING TO
SCHOOL
ONE DAY
JOE PALOOKA
WAS WITH
A GIRL
NAMED
ALICE

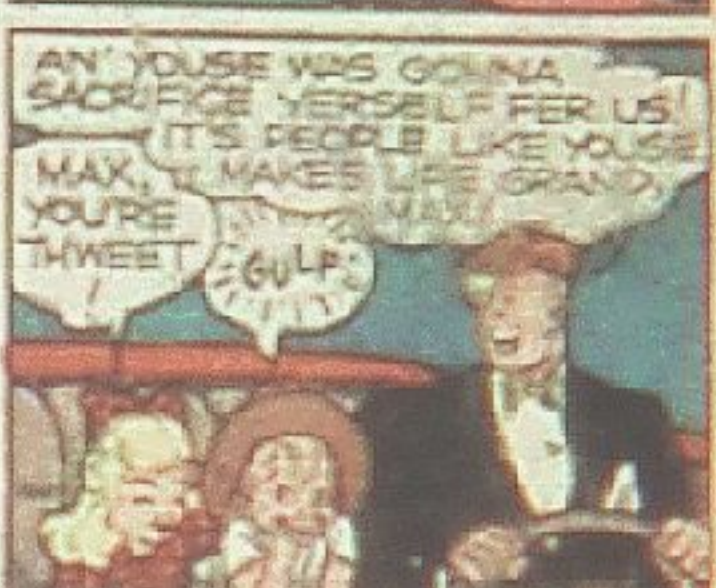


AN
OTHER
DAY
JOE
WAS
A
PAL
OF
MINE
WHEN
HE
WENT
TO
SCHOOL



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



Follow Joe Palooka in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale September 29th.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

"I'M JUST TRYIN' THIS ONE ON FOR SIZE, LADY!"



"WHY I WOULDN'T BE FOUND DEAD IN THAT AWFUL RATTLETRAP!"



"SAY— FRED'S GUN MUST HAVE KICKED ON HIM."



"QUICK, SPIKE— PRETEND WE'RE DOIN' HAND SHADOW TRICKS HERE!"



THE TALE OF THE TROUBLED TWINS



HAL AND AL WERE TWINS ALIKE; EACH RECEIVED A BRAND-NEW BIKE. ONE WAS RED AND ONE WAS BLUE. HOW THEY SHOUTED! WOULDN'T YOU?

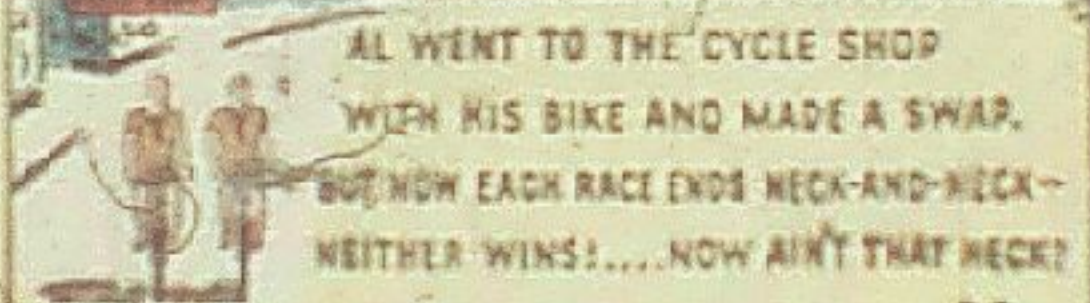


THO' THEIR BIKES SEEMED JUST THE SAME, (EVEN TO THE MAKER'S NAME), HAL'S BLUE BEAUTY ALWAYS WON EVERY CLIMB, OR COAST, OR RUN.



AL WAS VERY MYSTIFIED, 'TILL AT LAST, BY CHANCE, HE SPIED ON HAL'S BIKE A MORROW BRAKE (HIS WAS OF A DIFFERENT MAKE!)

"NOW," SAID AL, THE SLEUTH, "I SEE. WHY YOU ALWAYS WIN FROM ME! MORROW BRAKES ARE PLENTY SICK. LET'S GO TRADE IN THIS ONE QUICK!"



AL WENT TO THE CYCLE SHOP WITH HIS BIKE AND MADE A SWAP. BUT NOW EACH RACE ENDS NECK-AND-NECK— NEITHER WINS!... NOW AIN'T THAT NECK?

BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Frames for \$5.95! Quick stopping, easy peddling, long coasting; most hill beating (30) than any other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it! ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION, Eureka Machine Corp., Dept. 377, Eureka, N.Y.



LALA PALOOZA

THIS IS MY LATEST INVENTION
FOR BATHROOM BARITONES
WHO LIKE SINGING...
BUT NOT
THEIR OWN!



MY BRIDGE CLUB
WILL BE HERE THIS
AFTERNOON, VINCENT.
SO DO TRY TO
BEHAVE
YOURSELF!

SURE,
SIS!



I'M GONNA LOOK MYSELF IN
THE BATHROOM - THEN I
CAN'T GET IN ANY
TROUBLE!



HEY, MEDOWS,
DOWN A BATH
FOR ME
WILL YA?

I'M SORRY, SIR,
I DIDN'T HEAR
YOU.



A BATH!
I WANNA
TAKE A
BATH!!

A BATH - OH YES,
SIR - RIGHT
AWAY, SIR!



MEDOWS IS
A GOOD BUTLER
BUT HE'S AS DEAF
AS A
CODFISH!



HELLO,
LALA!

HELLO, GIRLS,
SO NICE OF YOU
TO COME TO
MY BRIDGE!



LALA DEAR,
ISN'T IT A
LITTLE
CHILLY
HERE?

IT IS, DARLING -
I'LL HAVE THE
BUTLER BUILD
A FIRE!



MEDOWS, MAKE A
FIRE IN THE
FIREPLACE.

BEG
PARDON
MADAME!



I SAID, MAKE A
FIRE - A
FIRE!

I'M SORRY,
MADAM - I
DIDN'T HEAR
YOU!



A FIRE -- I WANT
A FIRE -- A
FIRE!!

OH, YES -
A FIRE -
RIGHT AWAY,
MADAM!



WHERE IS
THE FIRE?!

LALA PALOOZA

FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIE'S A SURE THING TODAY!

HEY, LALA—WILL YA LEND ME TWO BUCKS?

RACING CHART



BUT, LALA—JUST TWO BUCKS, THAT'S ALL—

TO BET ON A HORSE, EH? NO, VINCENT, YOU CAN HAVE IT!



GOSH—SHE HAS NO BUSINESS SENSE AT ALL—TWO SIGNS ON FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIE WOULD BRING HOME FORTY FISH!



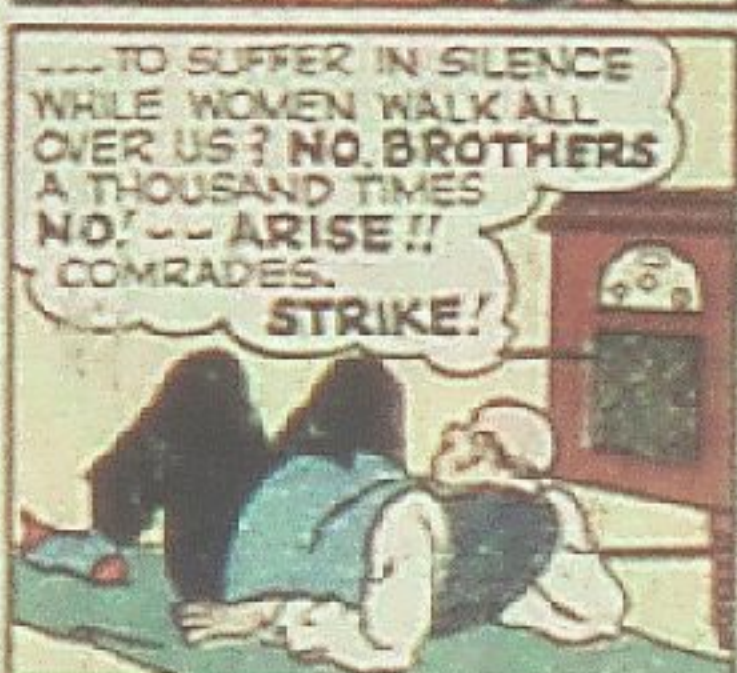
OH, WELL, THERE'S NO USE GOING OUT WITH NO DOUGH— I GUESS I'LL JUST SIT AROUND AND LISTEN TO THE RADIO—



AND NOW WE WILL HEAR FROM HOMER J. HATEM, PRESIDENT OF THE UPLIFT SOCIETY FOR HENPECKED HUSBANDS— MISTER HATEM—



GENTLEMEN, TOO LONG HAS THE MIGHTY MALE BOWED TO THE WHIMS AND WISHES OF WHACKY WOMEN!! ARE WE MICE OR ARE WE MEN? ARE WE—



...TO SUFFER IN SILENCE WHILE WOMEN WALK ALL OVER US? NO, BROTHERS A THOUSAND TIMES NO!— ARISE!! COMRADES, STRIKE!



MAN IS THE MASTER—ALL DAMES ARE DOPES!—ASSERT YOURSELVES! DEMAND YOUR RIGHTS—



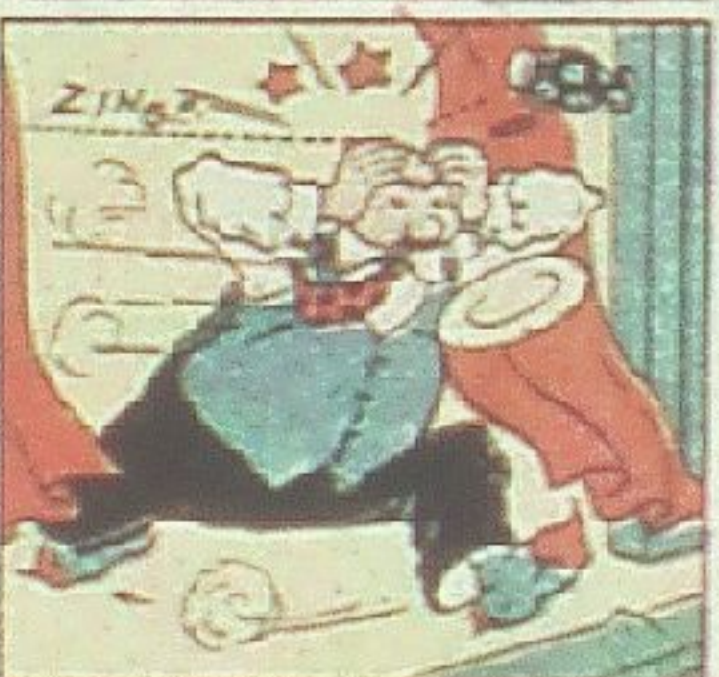
MIGHTY MALE... MAN THE MASTER... MAN OR MOUSE? ARISE! STRIKE!



THAT LAD'S GOT LOGIC!— WHERE DOES LALA GET OFF TELLIN' ME I CAN'T HAVE TWO BUCKS!



YOU HEARD ME— TWO BUCKS— CASH— COIN OF THE REALM— OR DO I HAVE TO BAT YOU ABOUT A BIT?



ZING!



...AND LITTLE BERNARD BUNNY HIPPIDY HOPPED OFF INTO THE WILDWOOD— GOOD NIGHT, KIDDIES—

LALA PALOOZA

HEY! - HAS ANYBODY SEEN A BOOK?



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT BOOK "THE GLASS GUN," MISTER VINCENT - MISS LALA TOOK IT BACK TO THE LIBRARY!



HOLY SMOKE! I HID THAT TWENTY BUCKS I WON ON THE PONIES IN IT!



I GOTTA CATCH LALA BEFORE SHE TURNS THAT BOOK IN!



LALA, WHERE'S THAT BOOK?



THE GLASS GUN? - I JUST LEFT IT IN THE LIBRARY.

THE GLASS GUN? - I'M SORRY, SIR, THAT YOUNG LADY JUST TOOK IT -



HERE SHE COMES - I'LL MAKE HER THINK I'M A BANDIT AND...



STICK 'EM UP - HAND OVER THAT BOOK!



YOU OUGHT TO BE...



ASHAMED OF...



YOURSELF - GOING AROUND SCARING...



DEFENSELESS WOMEN!



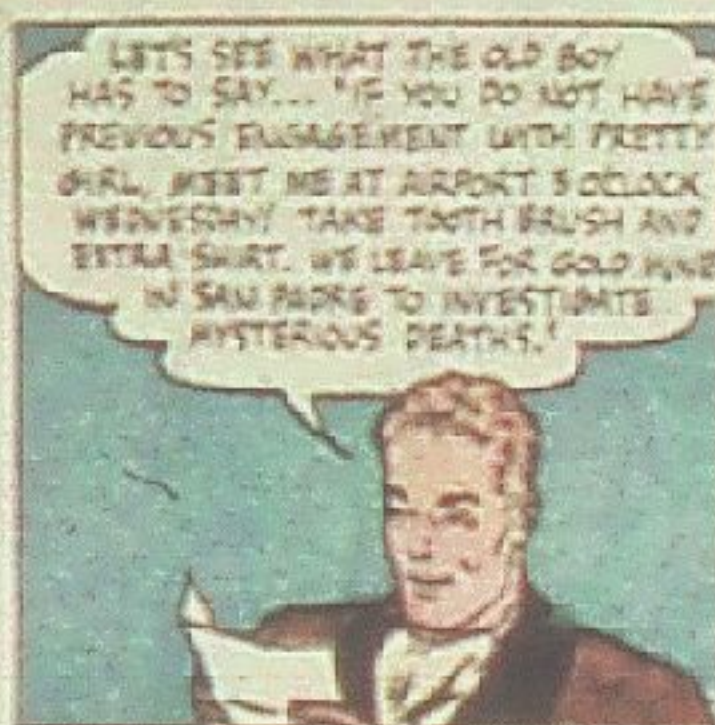
DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT, BABETTE? I BOUGHT IT WITH TWENTY DOLLARS I FOUND IN A LIBRARY BOOK!!

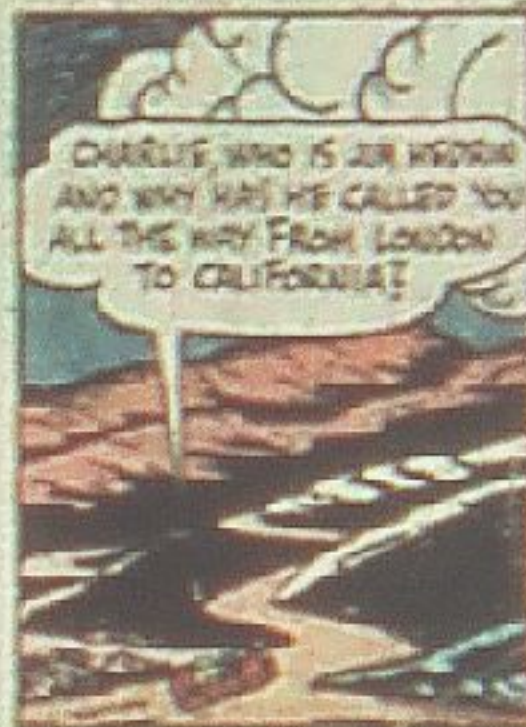


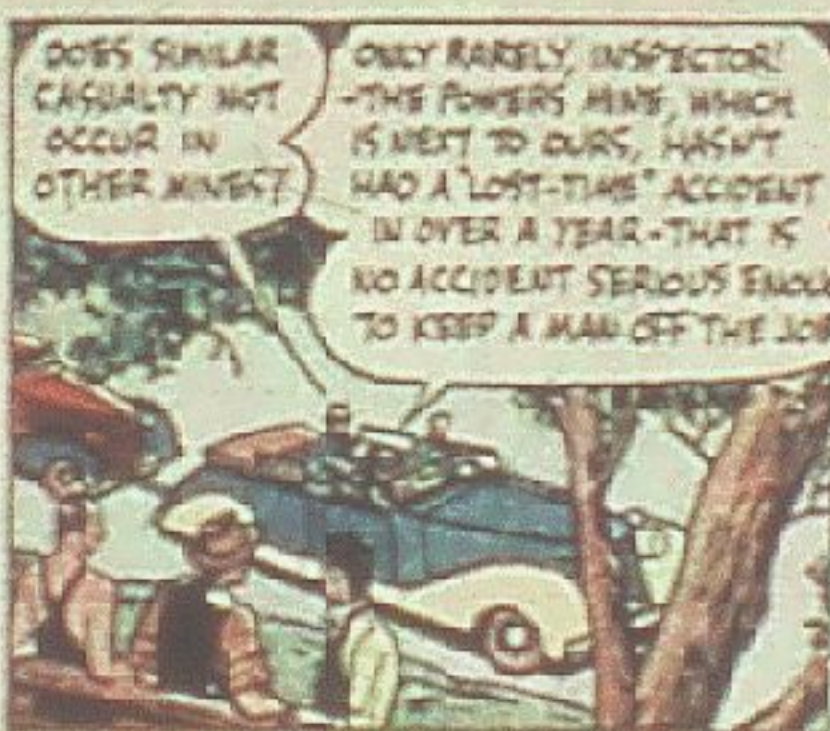
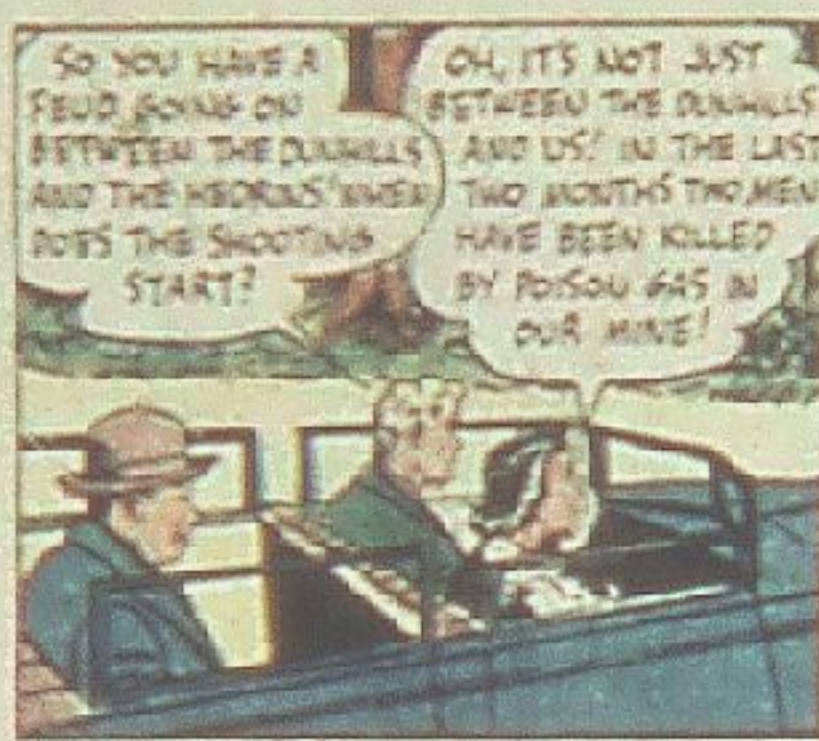
More of Lala Palooza in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 29th.

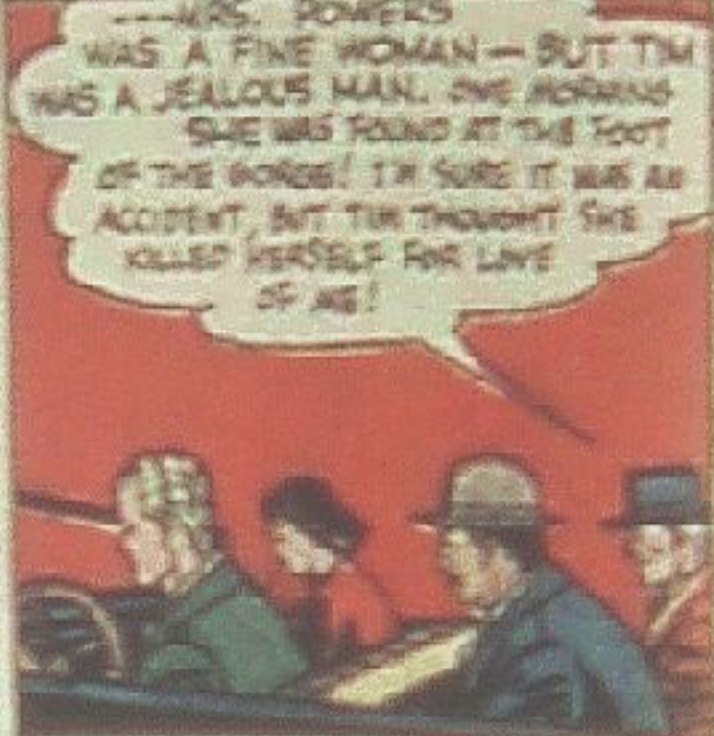
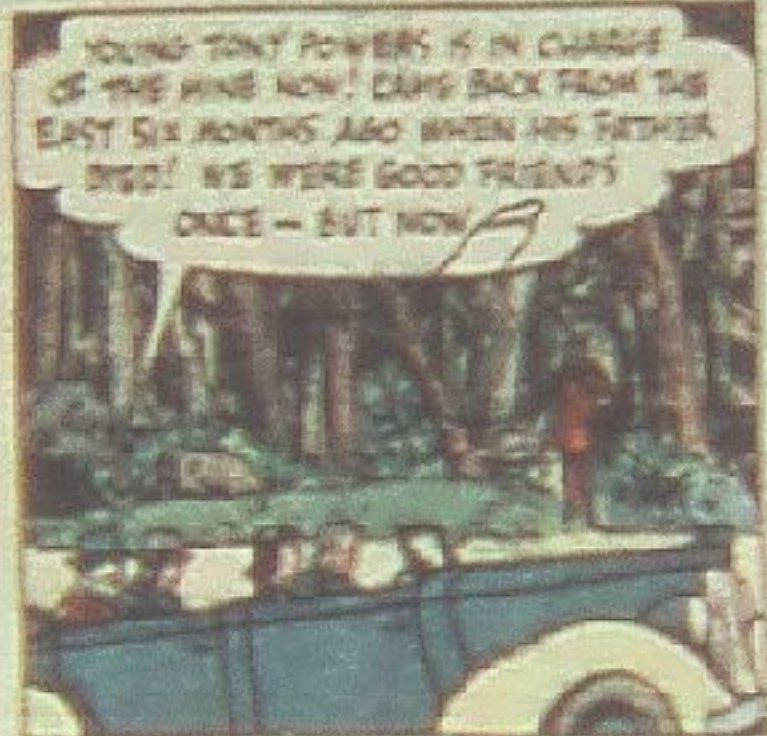
CHARLIE CHAN

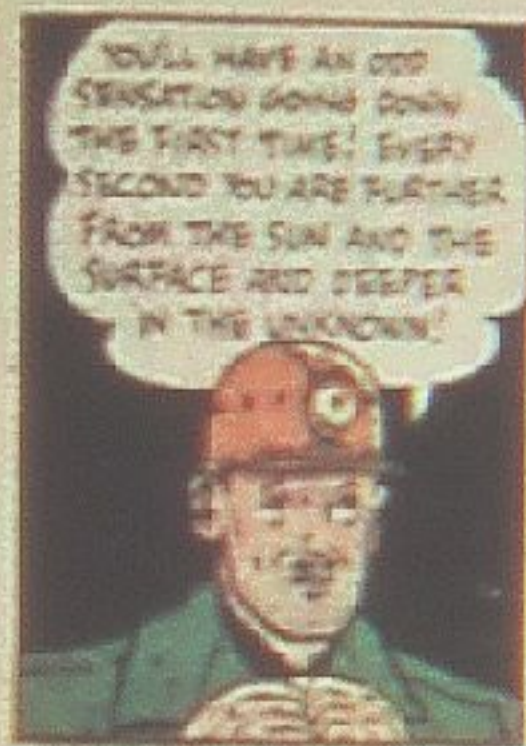
by Alfred ANDRIOLA











YOU'LL HAVE AN ODD SENSATION GOING DOWN THE FIRST TIME! EVERY SECOND YOU ARE FURTHER FROM THE SUN AND THE SURFACE AND DEEPER IN THE UNKNOWN!



A FEW LOYAL MEN HAVE STUCK BY FATHER TO WORK THE MINE! OF COURSE PRODUCTION IS VERY LOW!



WHAT IS THE VEIN PETERS OUT?

THEN THE MINE PROSPECTS FOR A NEW VEIN OF COALS OR EVENTUALLY A MINE WORKS ITSELF OUT, YOU KNOW!



THE AUTOPSIES ON THE TWO MEN WHO DIED IN THE MINE SHOWED A TRACE OF HYDROGEN CYANIDE GAS IN THEIR LUNGS!



DOWN DOWN IN THAT MINE WAS A GREAT EXPERIENCE! HISS HEARING!

THE MINE IS BARRELS AND I'M STARVED! I FEEL LIKE A PUGIL AND WANT EATEN ALL DAY!



THAT FOOD WAS GOOD! YOU LOOK MUCH BETTER, DAD!

I FEEL BETTER! MY MIND'S AT EASE NOW THAT CHARLIE IS HERE! - WHY DON'T YOU AND MR. BARROW GO FOR A WALK, DAD?

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING CHARLIE CHAN TAKES A WALK ALONE.



HAI! ROLL OF PAPER IN PATH!



GIVE HIM BACK! THIS MOUNTAIN HIM ALL MINE! WHAT MAN TAKE HIM AWAY - YOU SO TAKE HIM MAP, TOO! HIM MINE! WE KILL---



OH NO YOU DON'T, RED JOE!



IF IT'S HIS, YOU'D BETTER GIVE IT TO HIM - OR YOU'VE MADE A DANGEROUS ENEMY!

TAKING THE MAP WHICH CHAN FOUND, RED JOE TRAMP AWAY HOMEWARD TO HIMSELF...

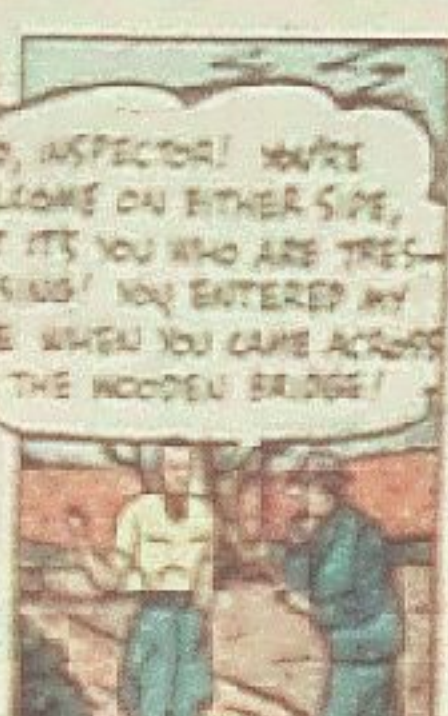


HAH! MANY THANKS FOR HELP ON MY BEHALF! I AM INSPECTOR--

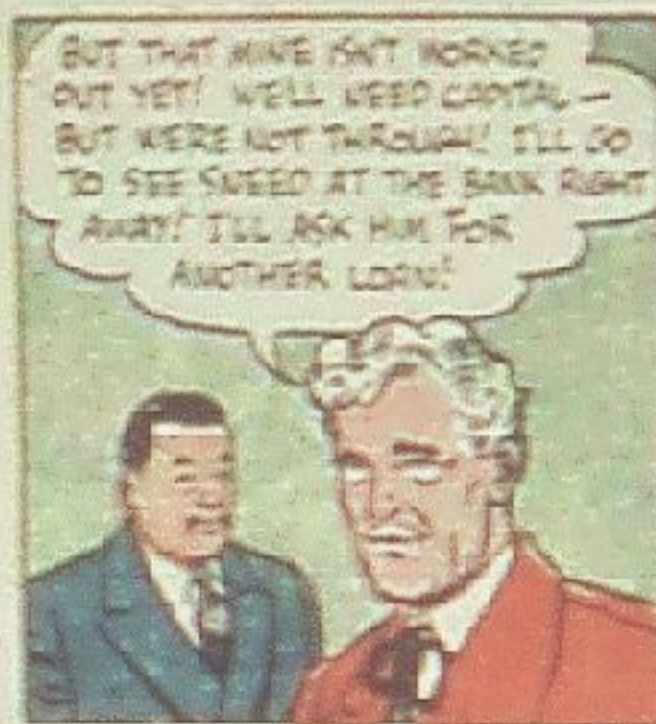


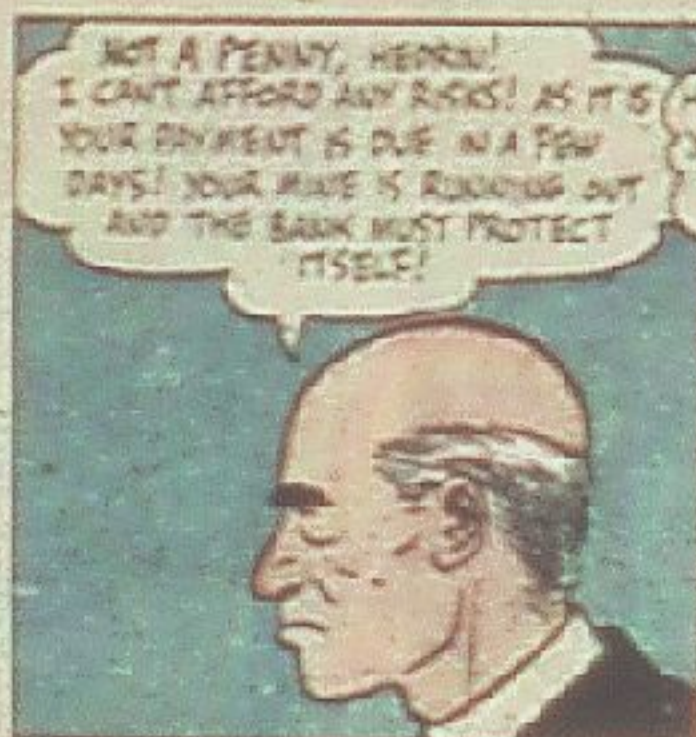
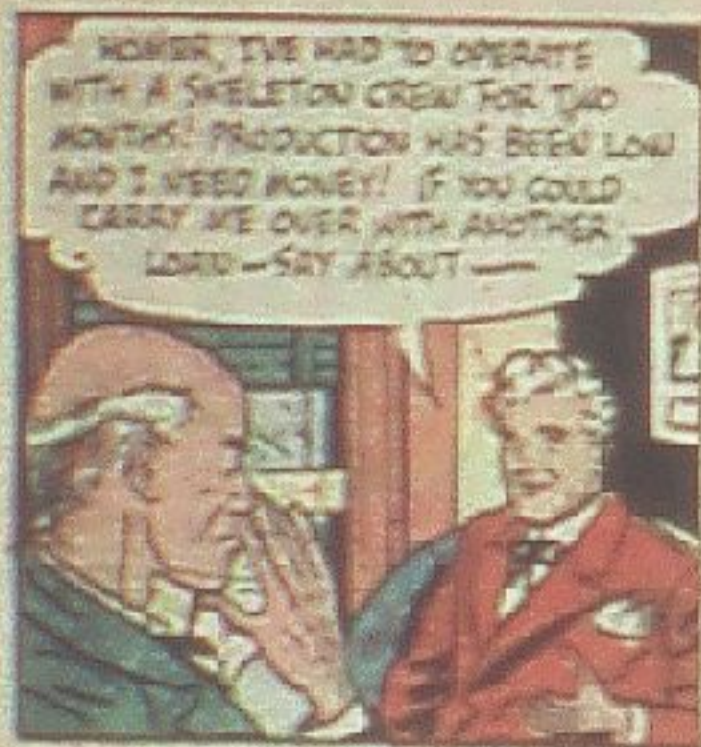
I KNOW--CHAN! NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN SAN PEDRO! MY NAME IS--

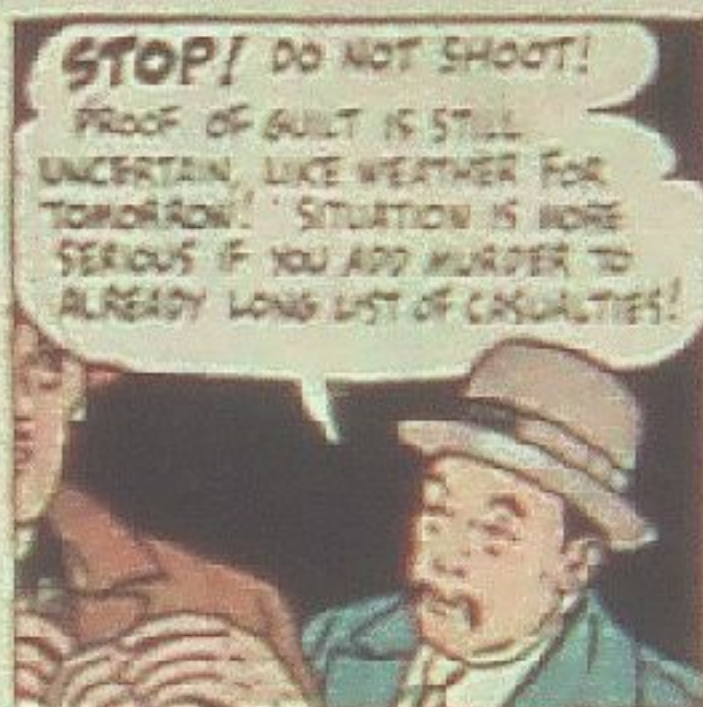
AH! TONY POWERS! BUT YOUR PROPERTY IT IS ON OTHER MOUNTAIN--NO?

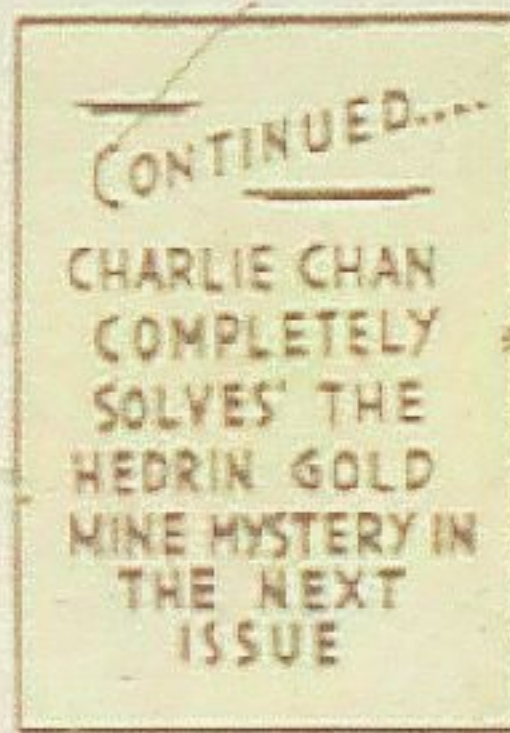
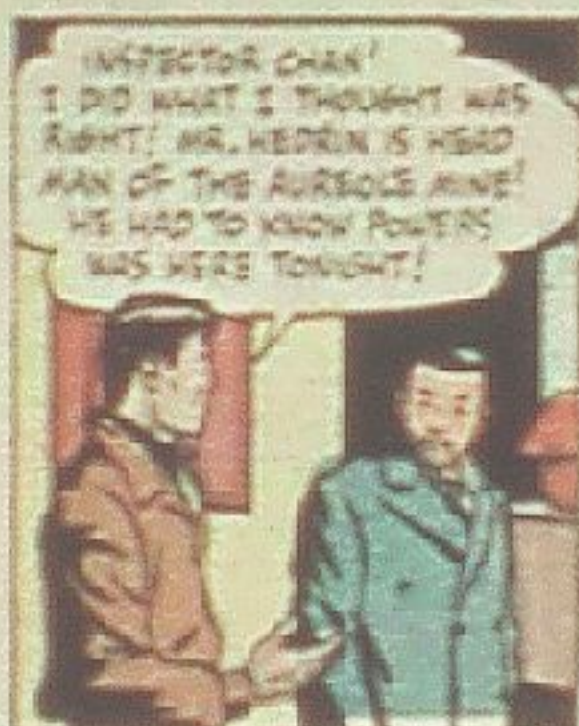


NO, INSPECTOR! YOU'RE WELCOME ON EITHER SIDE, BUT IT'S YOU WHO ARE TRESPASSING! YOU ENTERED MY SIDE WHEN YOU CAME ACROSS THE WOODEN BRIDGE!









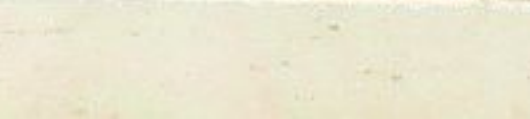
Charlie Chan solves the Hedrin case in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

REFORMING A REFORMER.

By R. J. TUTTILL





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

LIFE SAVING AGAIN.

By H. J. TUTHILL
Chicago Tribune, N. Y.



Follow The Bungles in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale September 29th.

CAPTAIN FORTUNE



by VERNON HENKEL -



WALDESTADTLY THE GREAT GULLION
RESEMBLED ROCK THE WINDS AS SHE
PUT OUT TO SEAWARD DEEDS SHARP
WELL WITH A KICK AND REDUCE THE

CAPTAIN TYRONE FORTUNE ADDRESSED
HIS MEN...

IT IS A DANGEROUS ENTERPRISE
I AM CHOSEN TO LEAD, AND ONE
FOR FIGHTERS WITH THEIR
STOMACHS IN IT !!



AYE! AN'
WE'RE READY
FOR ANYTHING!

SPANISH GOLD
IS WHAT
WE WANT!



A PACK OF HOWL-
ING WOLVES THEY
ARE, SIR, AND NOT
AN HONEST MAN
AMONG THEM!

YOU ARE RIGHT,
WILL, AND IT'S
OUR TASK TO
LEAD THEM.



FOR DAYS THE SHIP PLOWED
THROUGH THE TURBULENT SEA, THEN
ONE MORNING ----

A SHIP ON THE
HORIZON, SIR!



IT HAS THE LOOKS OF A
FRENCH TRADER - HOIST
THE FRENCH COLORS!



THEY RUN UP A SIMILAR
FLAG -- PUT A SHOT
ACROSS THE BOW AND
COMMAND HER TO STAND TO!

AYE,
SIR!



AS THEIR SHIP DREW CLOSE TO THE FRENCHMEN, A CLATTER OF MUSKETRY GREETED THE ATTACKERS...



BUT THE COMMANDERS OF THE FRENCH WERE READY AND ANSWERED WITH A DEAFENING BROADSIDE...

THE SHIPS WERE LASHED TOGETHER, AND FORTUNE'S MEN SWAMPED OVER THE RAIL...



SO VIOLENT WAS THE ATTACK THAT THE FRENCH WERE QUICKLY SUBDUED.

TIE THEM UP - SEIZE THE CARGO!



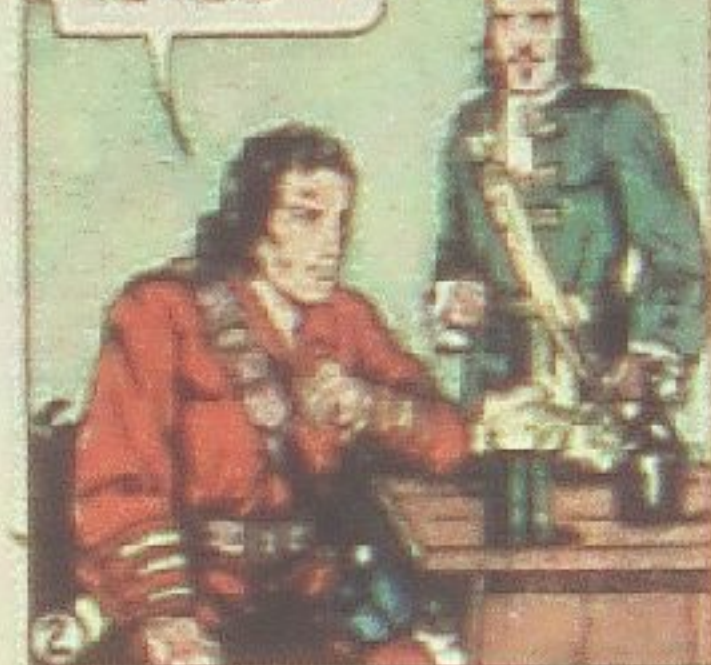
YOU MEAN WE'RE SAILING AWAY WITH- OUT SINKING THIS SHIP TO THE BOTTOM?

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS - CAST OFF! WE HAVE OUR BOOTY!



THEN FOR MONTHS THE GHOST-LIKE GALLIEN SAILED THE SEAS IN SEARCH OF MORE SHIPS -- BUT ALL WERE FOLLOWED ITS WAKE...

NINE MEN HAVE DIED FROM CHOLERA - THE SHIP IS FOUL AND LEAKY AND OUR STORES ARE GIVING OUT! IT LOOKS LIKE WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE WORST!



SAIL OFF THE PORT BOW!!



MISFORTUNE, MY LADS, FOR IT IS A DUTCH VESSEL -- I CANNOT ATTACK!



AN EVIL-EYED MEMBER OF THE CREW STEPPED FORWARD

THE MEN THINK THE SHIP OUGHT TO BE TAKEN - YOU PROMISED US RICHES AND WERE EMPTY-HANDED!



GO BACK TO YOUR PLACE, SEVERISH, I AM COMMISSIONED BY THE KING TO FIGHT AND SEIZE PIRATES AND CAPTURE ONLY FRENCH SHIPS - I AM NO PIRATE AND WILL NOT BECOME ONE FOR ANY OF YOU!



IF YOU CAN'T TAKE WHAT'S OFFERED YOU, WE WILL!! SHING OUT THE LONG-BOAT!!



I TELL YOU, YOU MUTINOUS DOGS, THAT IF ANY OF YOU LAUNCH THAT BOAT AND GO TO THAT SHIP, NOT ONE OF YOU SHALL COME ABOARD THIS VESSEL AGAIN, FOR I'LL SHOOT YOU WHEN YOU COME ALONGSIDE!



AS THE GROUP WALKED SILENTLY AWAY, CAPTAIN FORTUNE HEARD THE SIX-EYED SEVERISH WHISPER A SWORN OATH AGAINST HIM



KEEP THE SHIP A POINT OR TWO AWAY FROM THE DUTCHMAN AND HEAD FOR SAN LOUVELLE!



A YE A YE, SIR!

IN THE GROWING DUSK THE LITTLE SPANISH TOWN OF SAN LOUVELLE SAW A HUGE GALLEON BOLDLY ENTER ITS HARBOR UNDER THE LIONS OF ENGLAND.

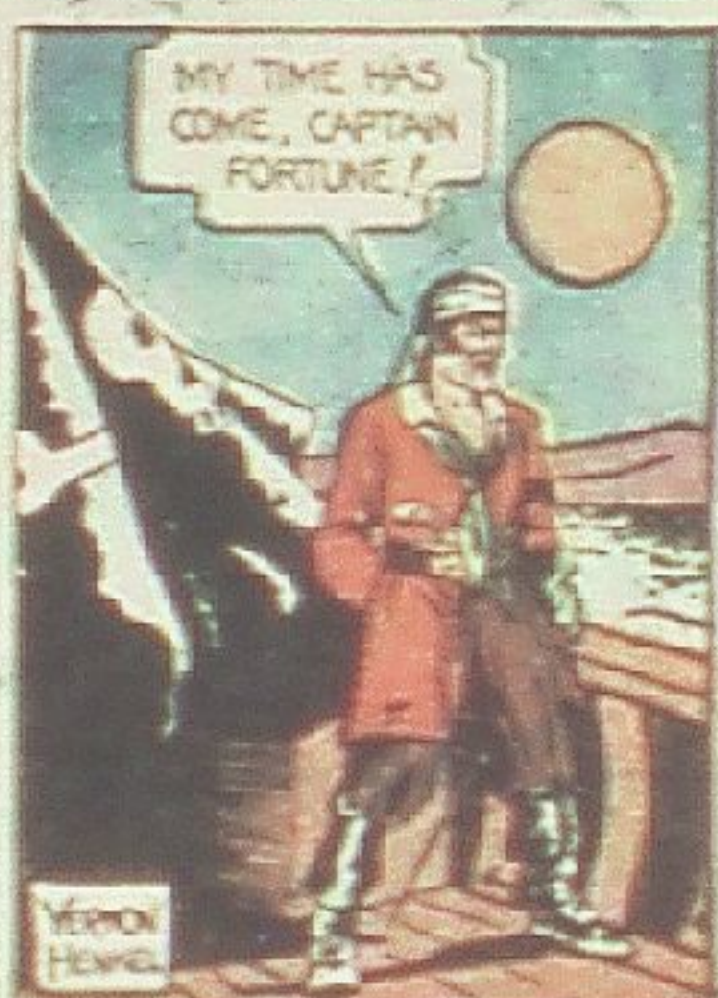


FORTUNE AND HIS FIRST OFFICER, WILL KENTSHIRE, RIGGED OUT IN FINERY OF LACE AND VELVET, SET OUT FOR THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION.



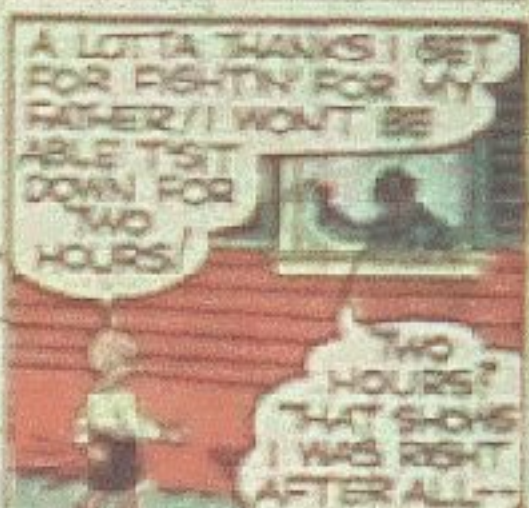
YOUR EXCELLENCY, I AM TYRONE FORTUNE, MASTER OF THE GOOD SHIP "REVENGE," ASKING YOUR PERMISSION TO USE THE HARBOR WHILE WE OUTFIT AND REPAIR OUR VESSEL!





TODDY

GEORGE MARCOUX

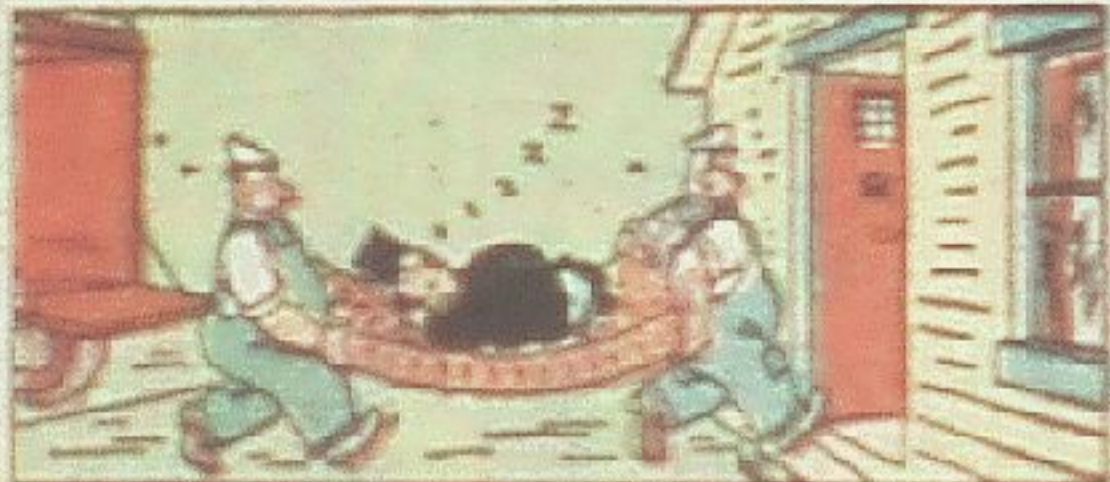


TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



MORTIMER MUM



RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BEFORE YOU
LOOK AT THE PICTURE
AND ANSWER THESE
QUESTIONS—
IS IT THE HEAT
OR THE HUMIDITY
HAVE YOU BEEN
HATED ON?
WHO'S CRAZY
NOW?



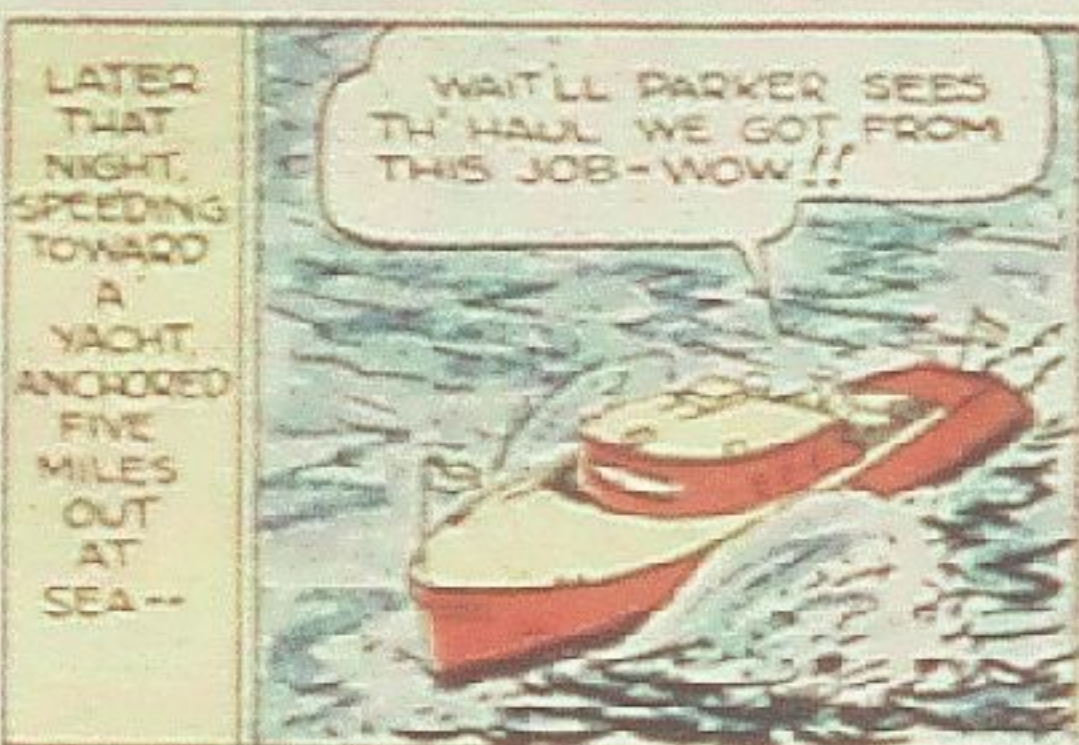
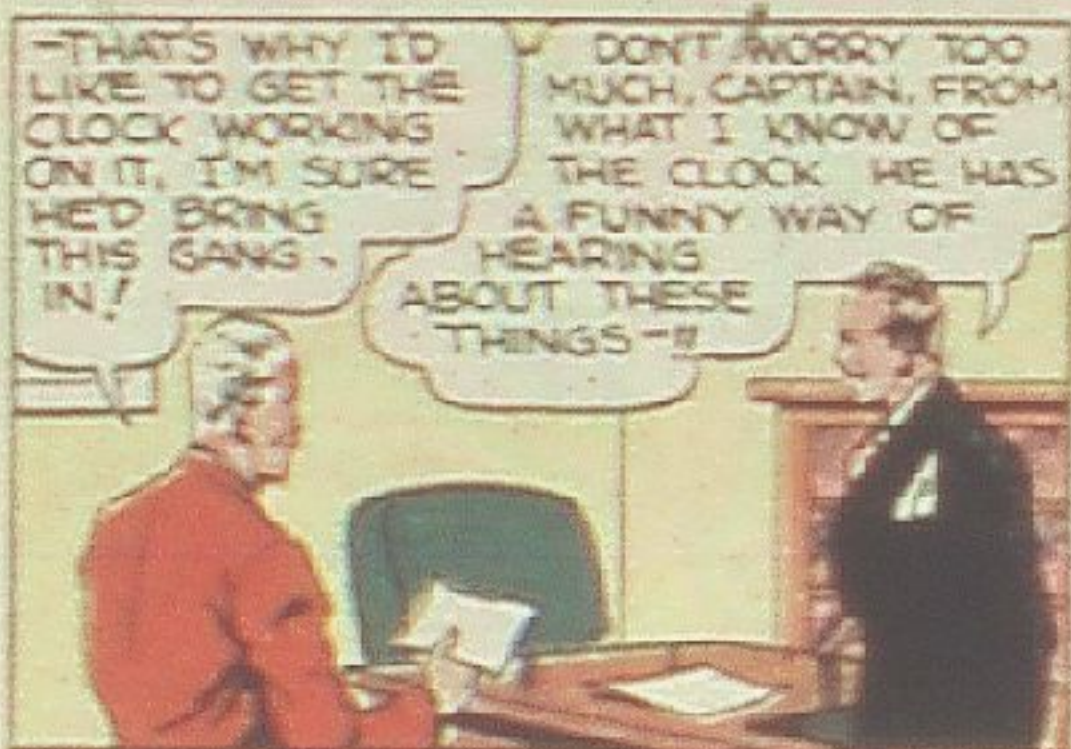
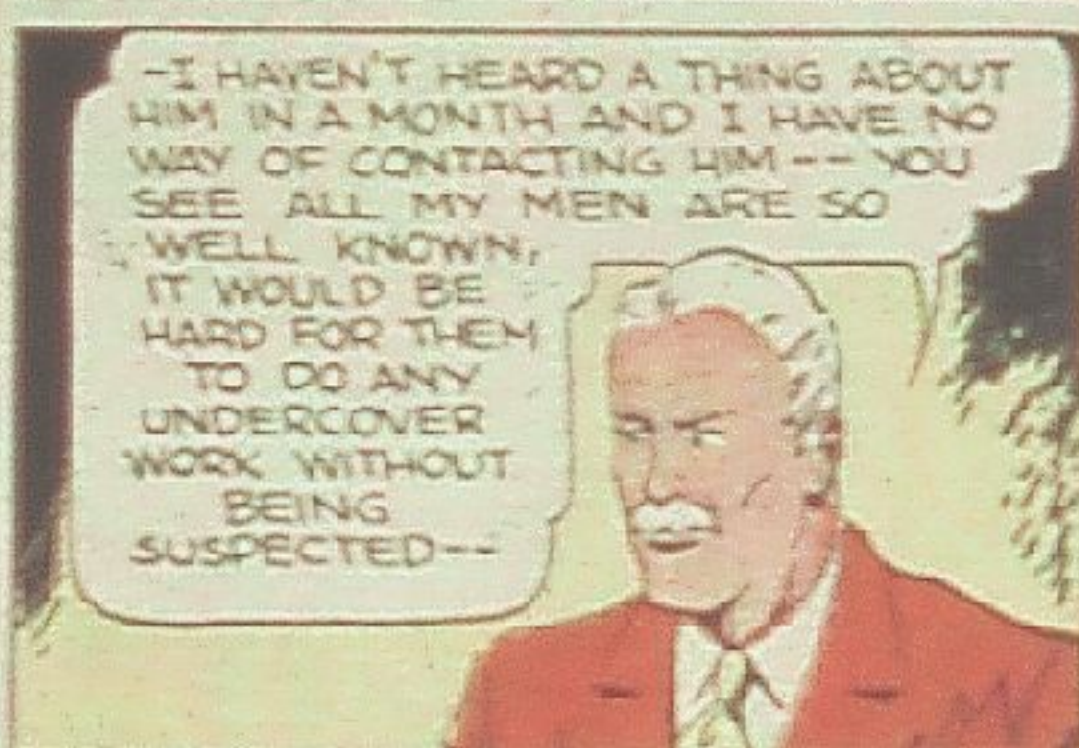
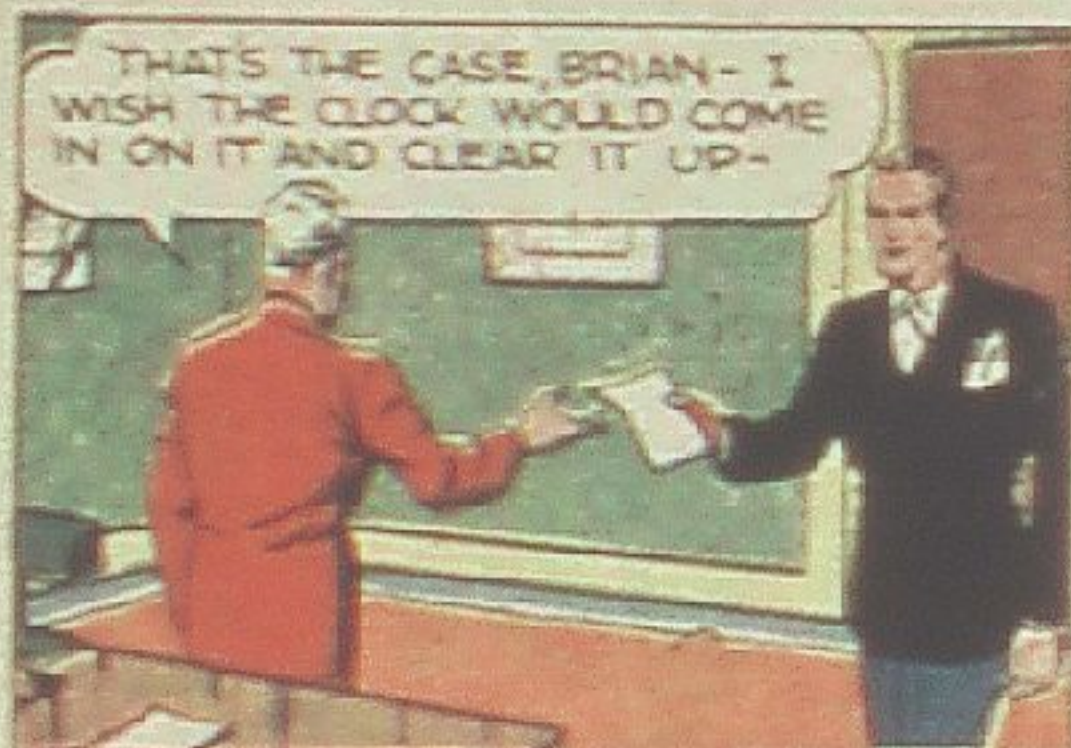
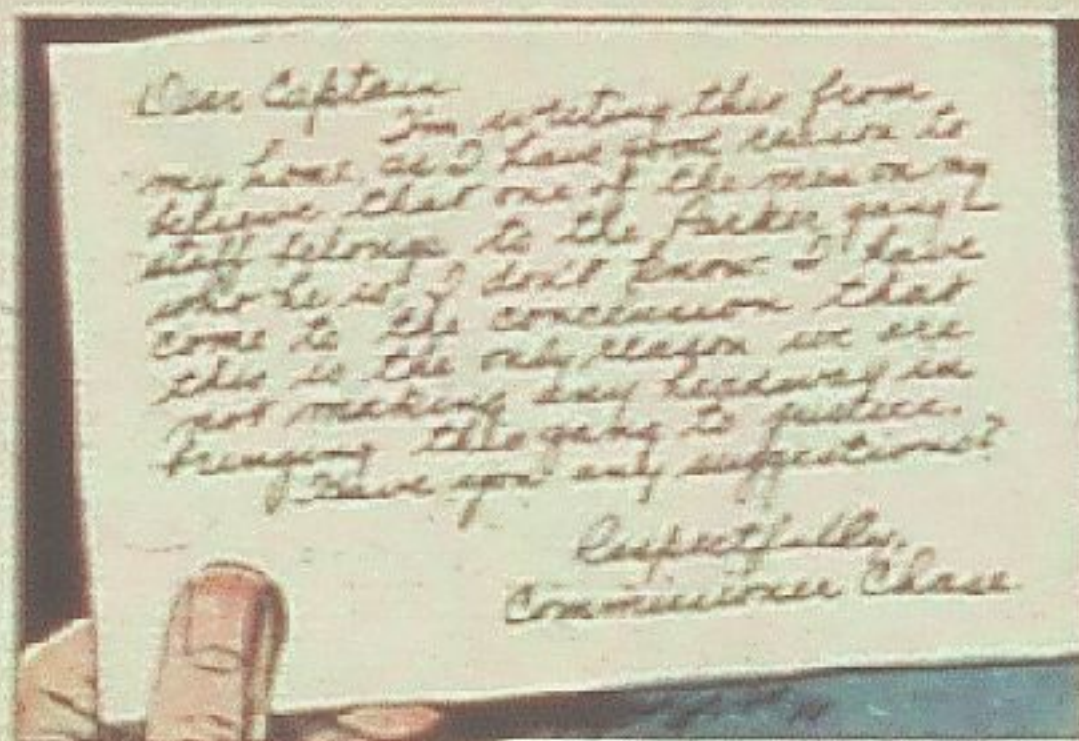
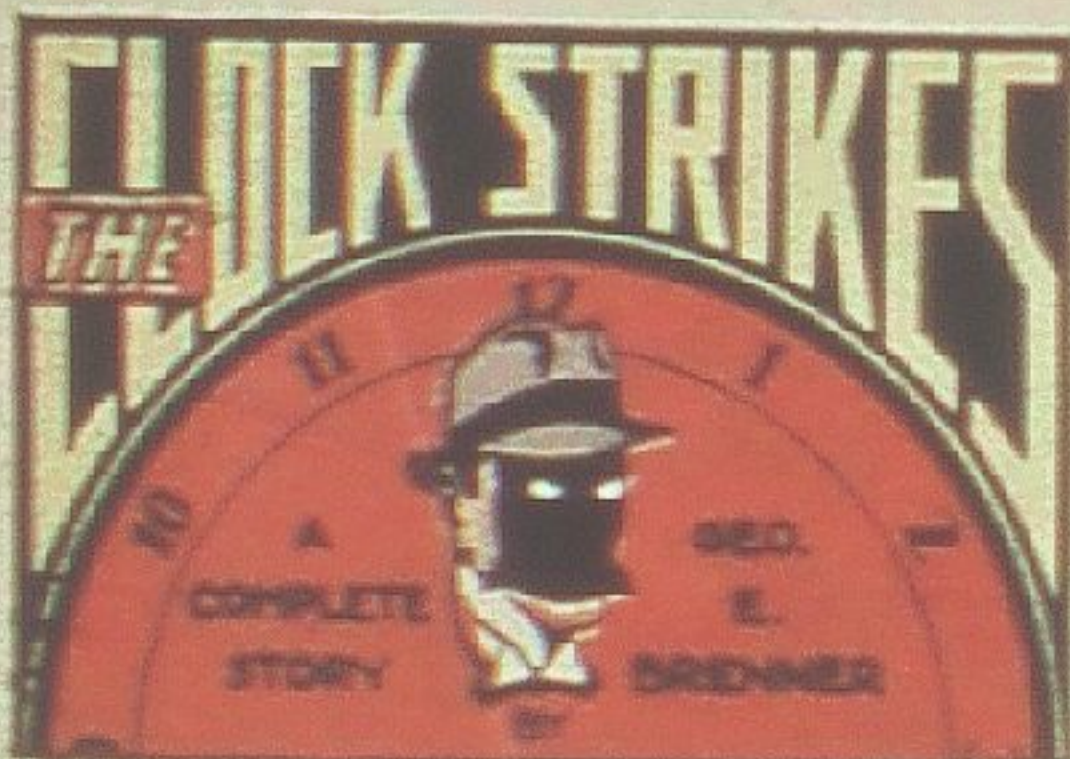
OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

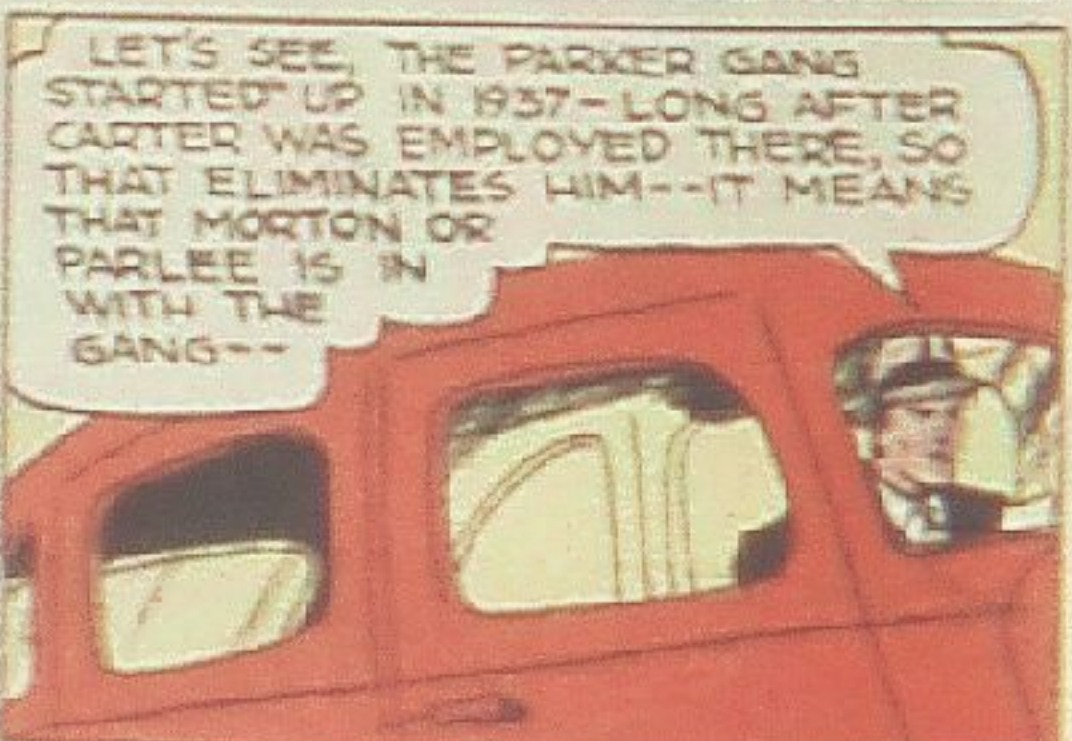
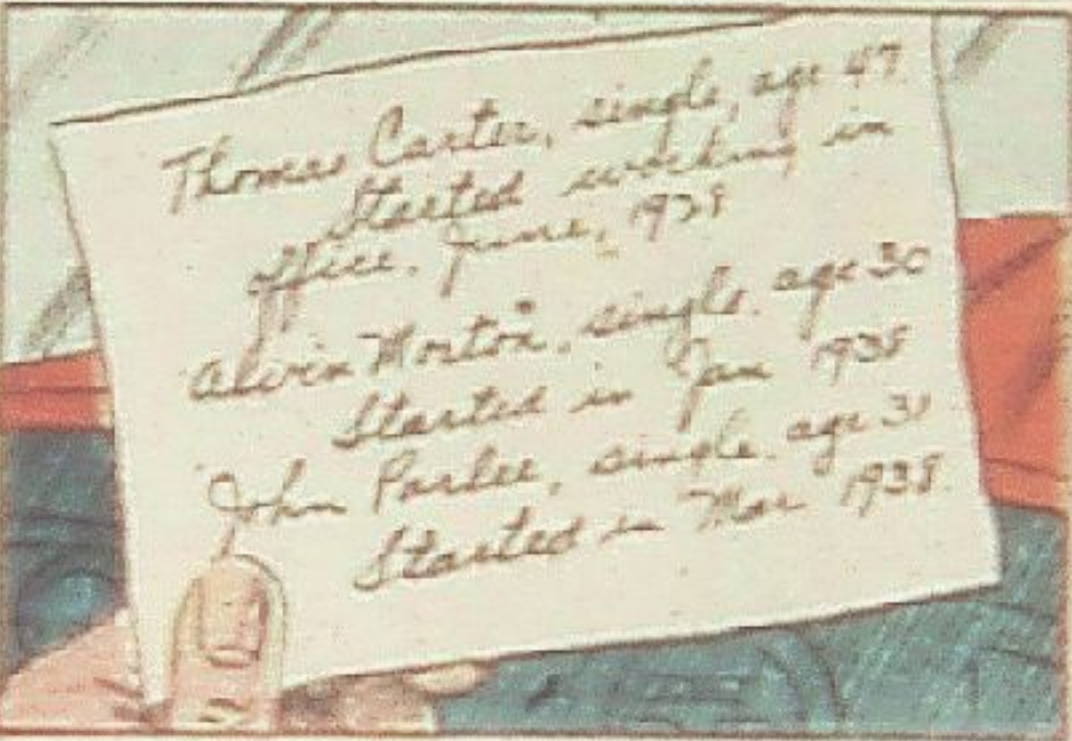
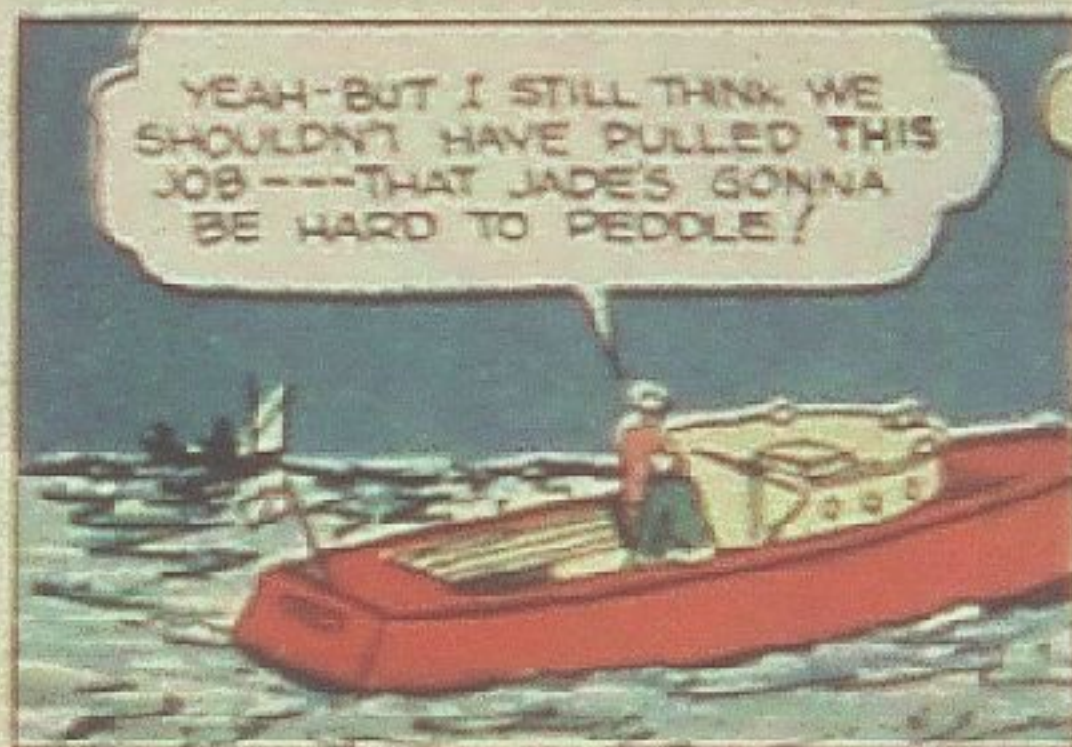
HOW TO OPEN A DRAWER IN A BOARDING HOUSE BUREAU

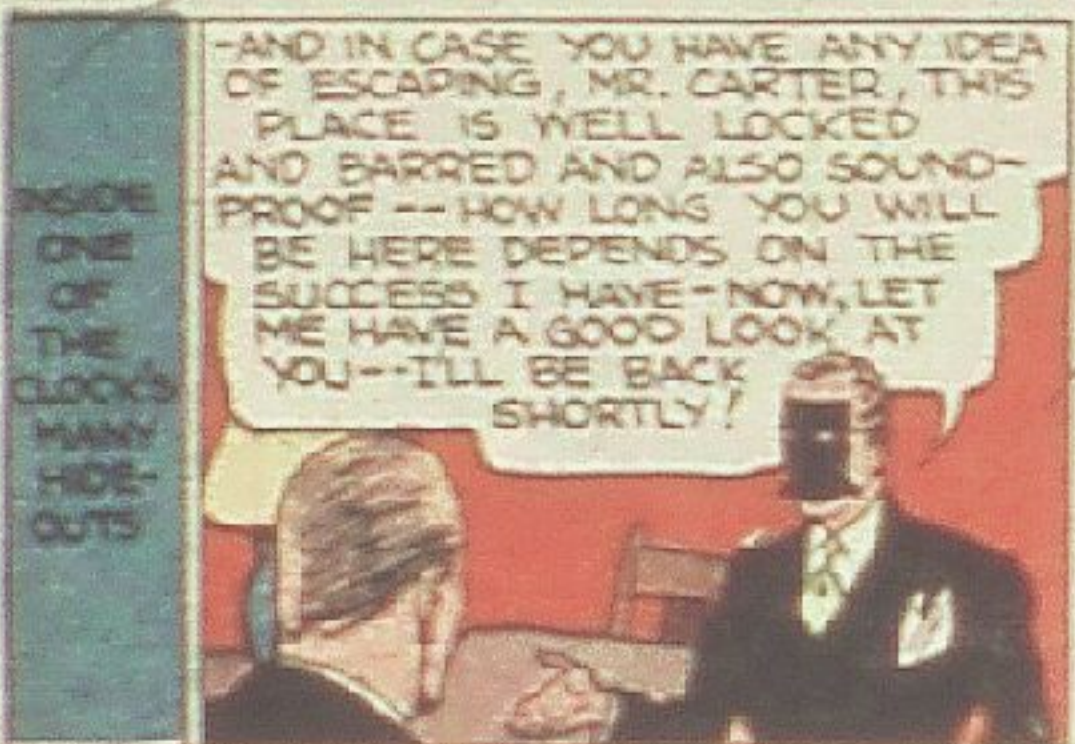
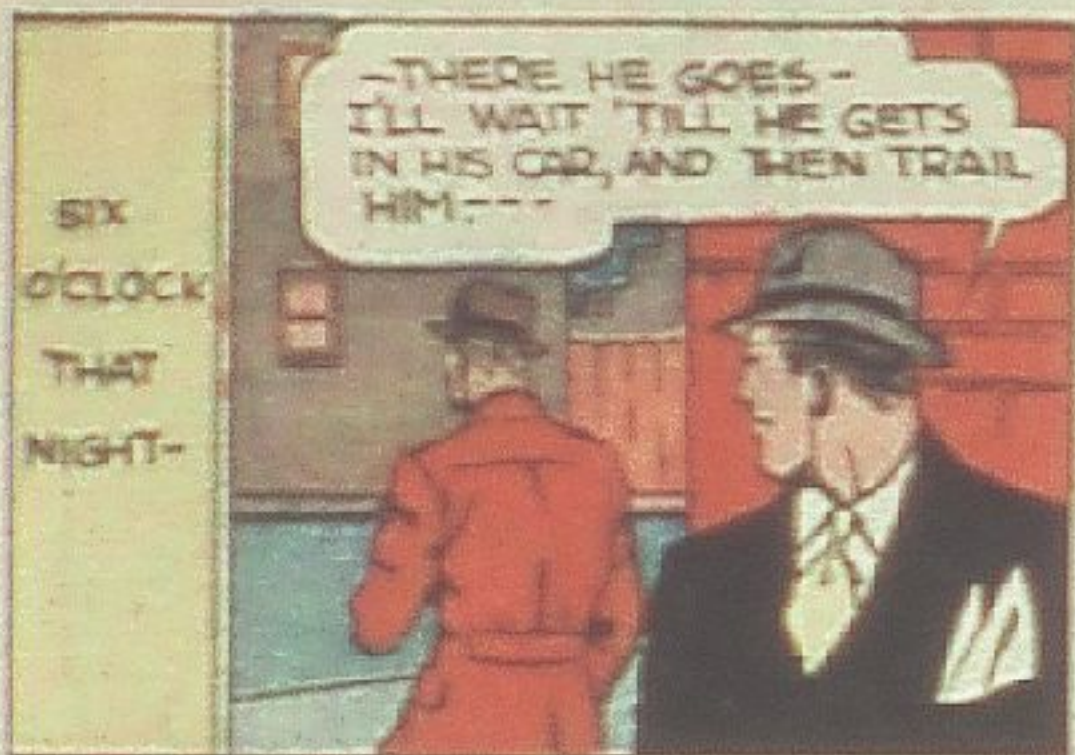
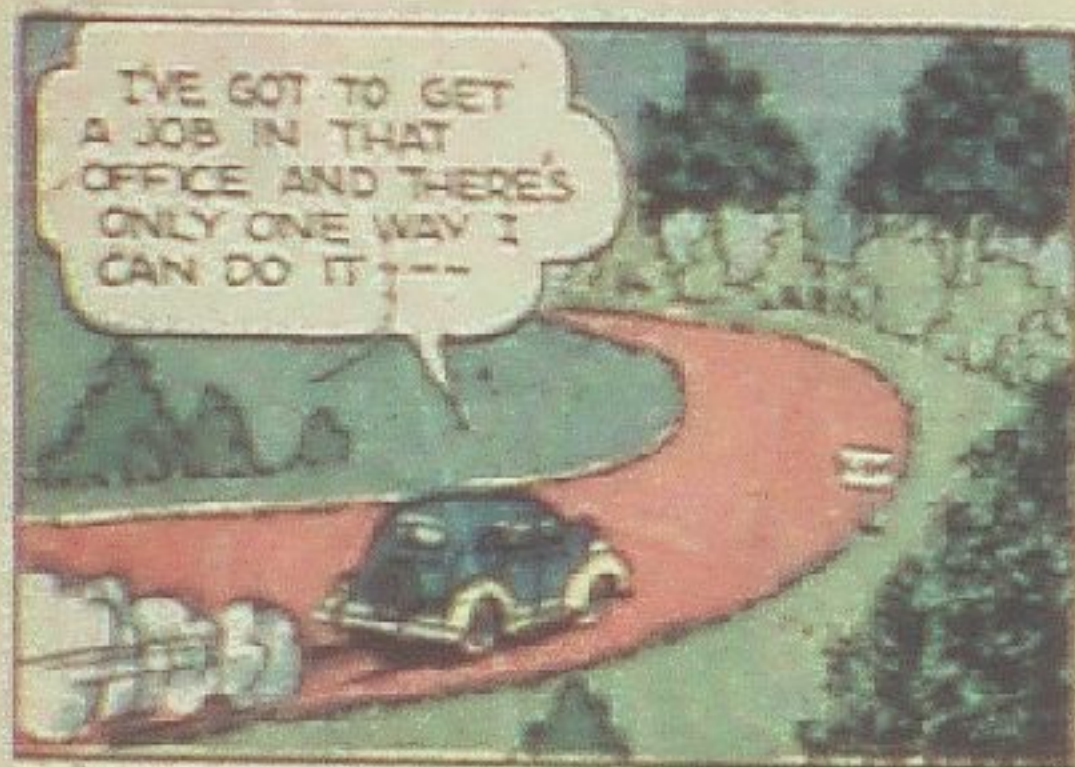
YOU YANK OUT HANDLES (A)—
YOUR HEAD HITS PAD (B)—
MAKING POP-GUN (D) GO OFF
WHEN YOUR HEAD HITS PAD—
CORK (E) HITS ROD (F)—
HANDS (G) AND (H) PUSH NUTS
THROUGH FUNNELS TO FLOOR—
SQUIRRELS TRYING TO
REACH NUTS PULL SAW
BACK AND FORTH—THIS CUTS
BUREAU IN TWO AND OPENS IT!



Follow Rube Goldberg's Side Show in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

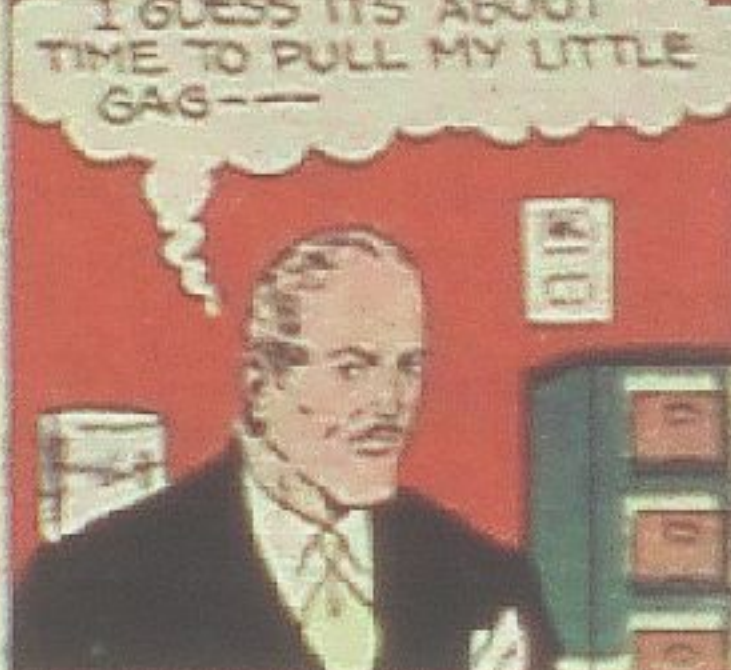






THE
CLOCK
COMPLETES
HIS FIRST
DAYS
WORK
IN THE
DISGUISE
OF CARTER
AND--

I GUESS IT'S ABOUT
TIME TO PULL MY LITTLE
GAG--



A cartoon illustration of three men in suits. One man on the left is speaking, with a speech bubble containing the text: "SAY, PARLEE, DID YOU HEAR CHASE BOUGHT HIS WIFE A DIAMOND NECKLACE TO REPLACE HER STOLEN JADE COLLECTION--EE". The man in the center is wearing a red suit and a patterned tie, looking towards the speaker. The man on the right is holding a document. The background is a simple blue wall.

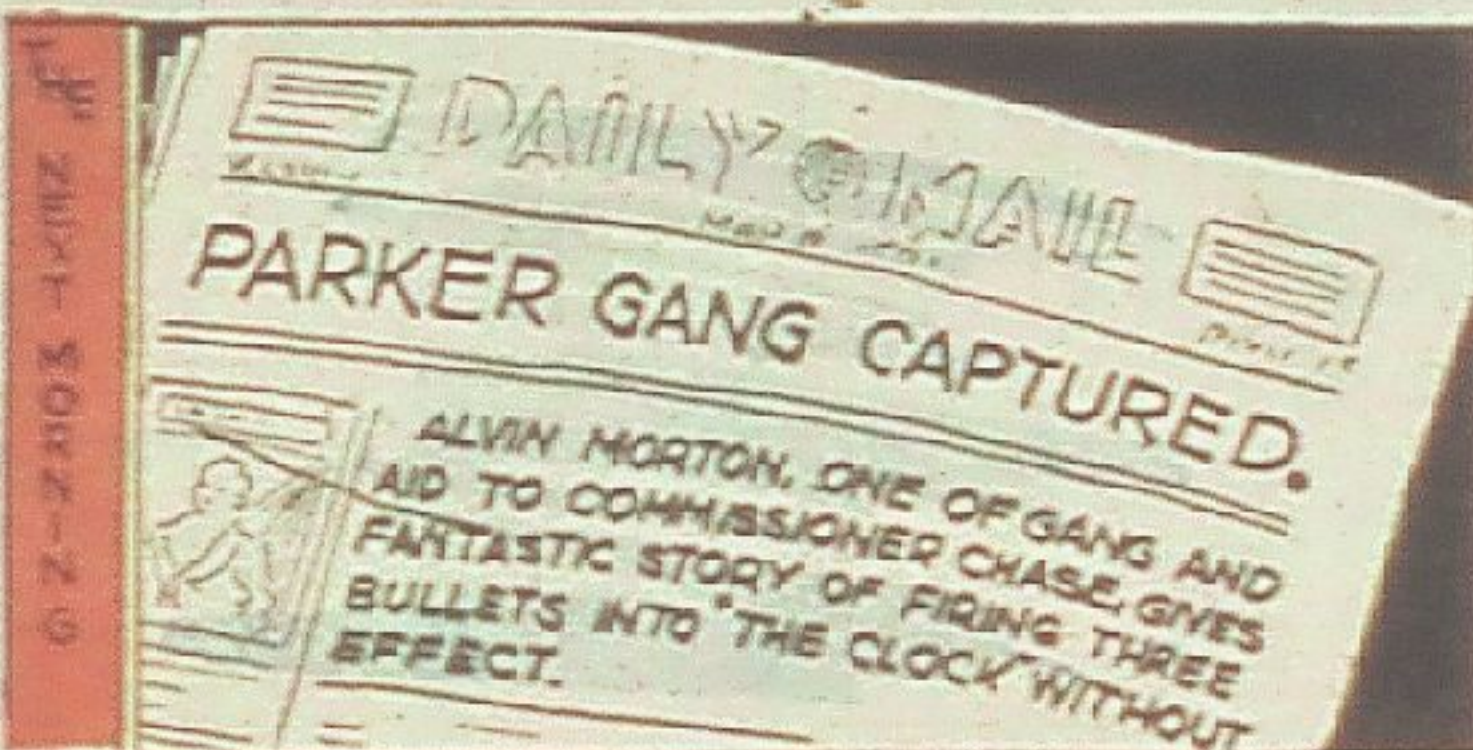
THE CLOCK NOTICES THAT MORTON,
THE THIRD MAN PRESENT, STIFFENS
SLIGHTLY--

HAVING REMOVED HIS MAKE-UP, THE CLOCK AWAITS MORTON'S EXIT FROM THE OFFICE

PUBLIC
()
TELEPHONE

—AND GIVE PARKER ALL THE
DETAILS ---YEAH ---IF YOU WANTA
CALL ME BACK, I'LL BE IN MY
ROOM IN AN
HOUR- SO LONG,
JOE---

I'LL JUST ABOUT HAVE TIME TO CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND LOOK OVER MORTON'S ROOM BEFORE HE GETS BACK---!



THEY'RE STILL TALKING

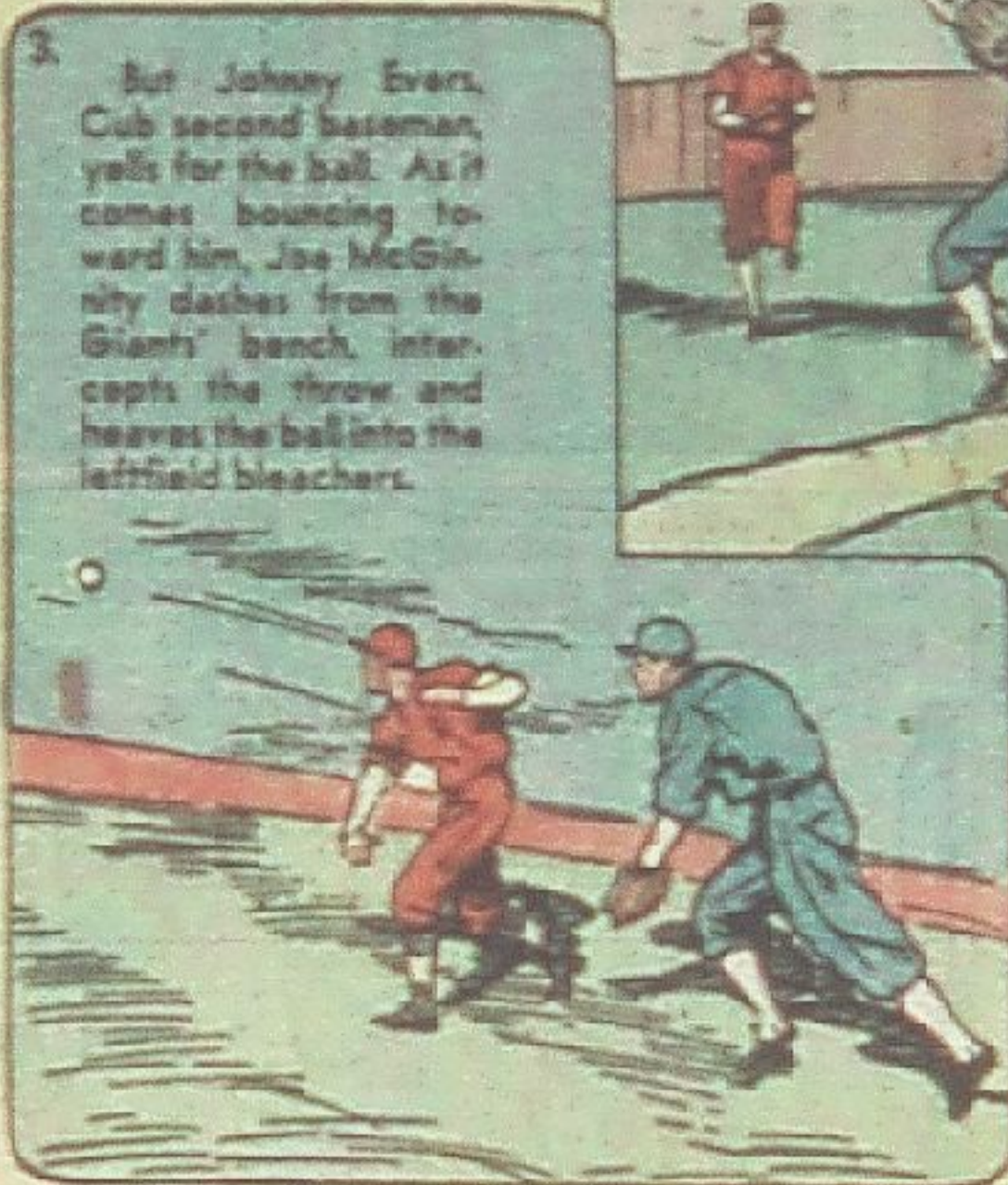
About Exactly What Happened on That Historic Merkle Play



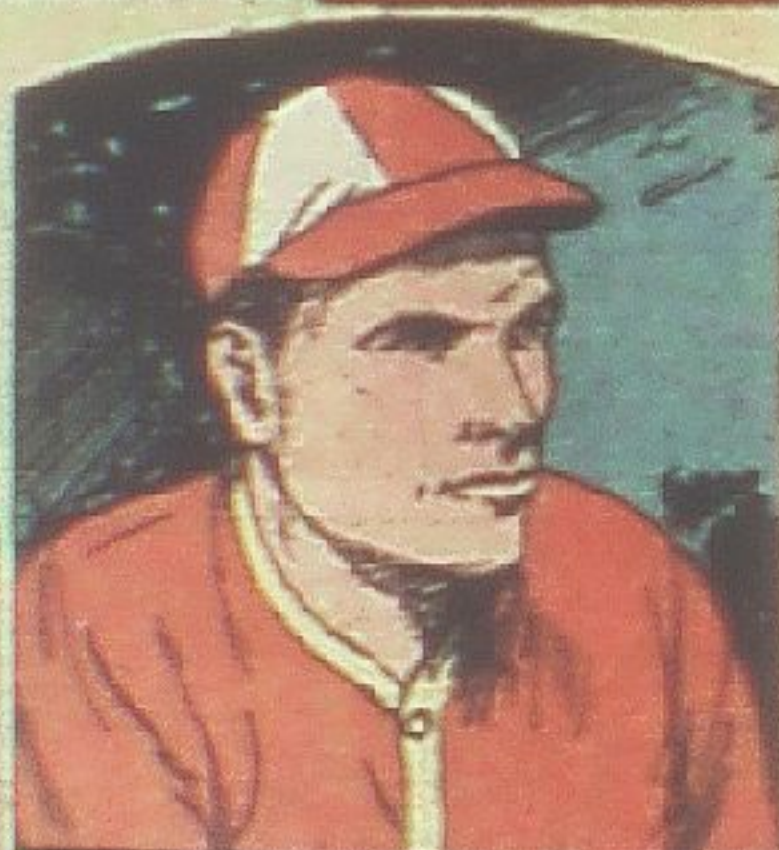
It's the last of the ninth. The Giants and Cubs are tied. Merkle is on first and McCormick on third. Bridwell singles. As Merkle starts for second, McCormick scores for the Giants.



SEEKING HIS TEAMMATE, MCCORMICK, SCORE THE WINNING RUN, MERKLE, AS WAS THE CUSTOM UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, CUT FOR THE CLUBHOUSE... FAILING TO TAG SECOND...



The next day Umpire Hank O'Day rules that Merkle was out for failure to touch second. McCormick's run did not count and O'Day—hardly but formally—calls the tied game an account of darkness.



And here's Fred Merkle, a great ball player, whose excusable error lost the game and made him a "goat" for many years. Until Evers called the play into question in 1908, it had always been customary to do what Merkle did.



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

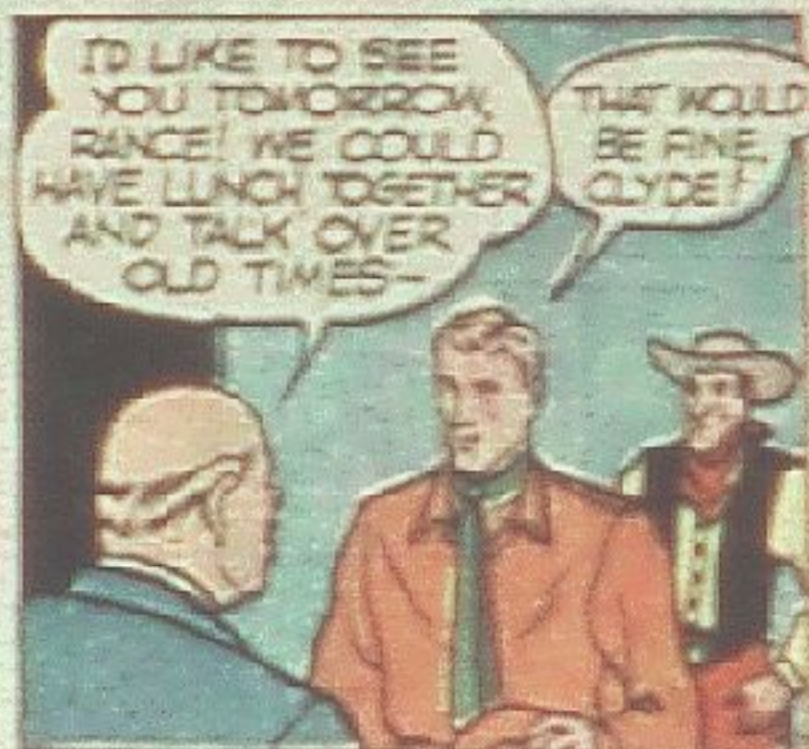
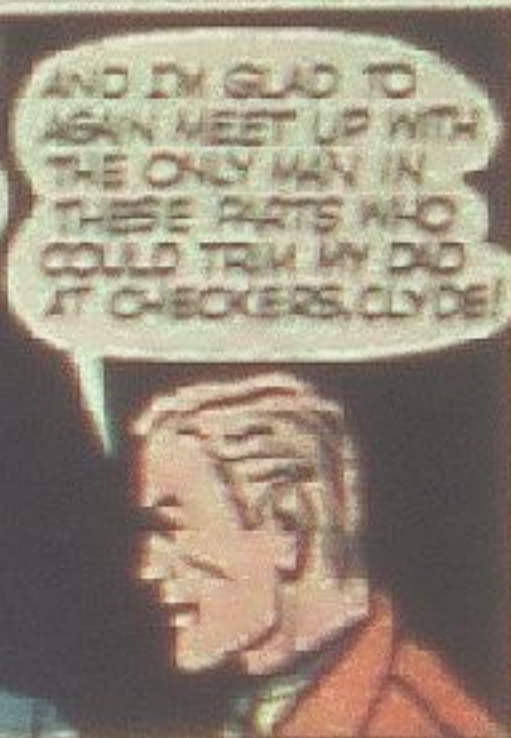
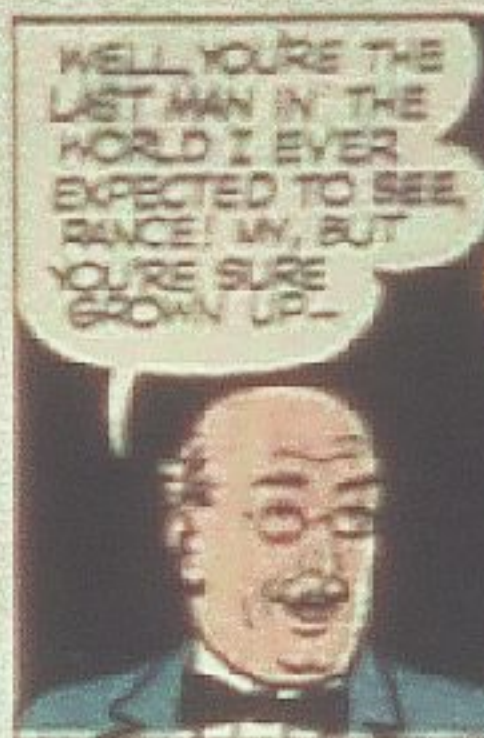
By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT
IN THE WEST"

RANCE AND CHAPS ARE STILL IN THE TOWN OF "UNCOMFORTABLE" BEING AT THE REASON OF RANCE'S BOYHOOD GEAR JIM TOWNE - IT IS RANCE'S INTENTION TO CALL ON SOME OF HIS OTHERS OLD FRIENDS



WITH THE APPOINTMENT MADE FOR THE NEXT DAY, RANCE AND CHAPS TAKE THEIR LEAVE OF CLYDE AND HIS PARTNER, AND RIDE TO JIM TOWNE'S RANCH -



THE WESTERN SUN SLOWLY SINKS BEYOND THE DISTANT RANGE AS OUR TWO FRIENDS RIDE UP TO JIM'S RANCH -



AT NOON THE NEXT DAY RANCE AND CHAPS ENTER THE DINING ROOM OF THE LOCAL HOTEL TO MEET DOAN.



I DON'T SEE HIM - DO YOU, CHAPS?

NO - LET'S ASK SOMEBODY IF HE'S BEEN HERE!

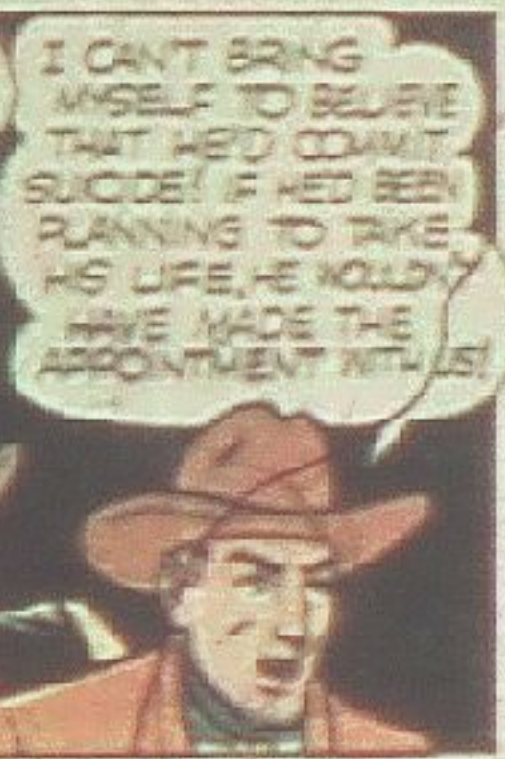


HAVE YOU SEEN CLYDE DOAN? HE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET HIM HERE!

GUESS I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN - ALIVE! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? HE COMMITTED SUICIDE LAST NIGHT!



GOLD! IT DON'T SEEM POSSIBLE, RANCE! AND TO THINK HE WAS JEST TALKIN' TO 'IM YESTERDAY -



I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE THAT HE'D COMMIT SUICIDE! IF HE'D BEEN PLANNING TO TAKE HIS LIFE, HE WOULD HAVE MADE THE APPROPRIATE ARRANGEMENTS!

RANCE DECIDES TO VISIT SHERIFF DAN WILCOX AND FIND OUT THE PARTICULARS OF DOAN'S DEATH - HE FINDS THAT THE SHERIFF CONSIDERS THE CASE CLOSED.



IT WAS SUICIDE ALL RIGHT, RANCE! CLYDE DIED FROM GAS FUMES FROM THE LIGHT JET IN HIS ROOM. THE DOOR AND WINDOWS WERE LOOKED FROM THE INSIDE AND THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE -

STILL UNCONVINCED THAT THE BANKER WAS A SUICIDE, RANCE DECIDES TO RUN DOWN HIS HUNCH THAT DOAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN MURDERED -



COME ON, CHAPS. THINK WE MIGHT FIND OUT SOMETHING BY CALLING ON MR. AB FLINT!

I DON'T SEE HOW IT COULD HAVE BEEN A MURDER, RANCE. SPECIALLY AFTER WHAT THE SHERIFF SAID!



FLINT'S OFFICE AT THE BANK...

WELL, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

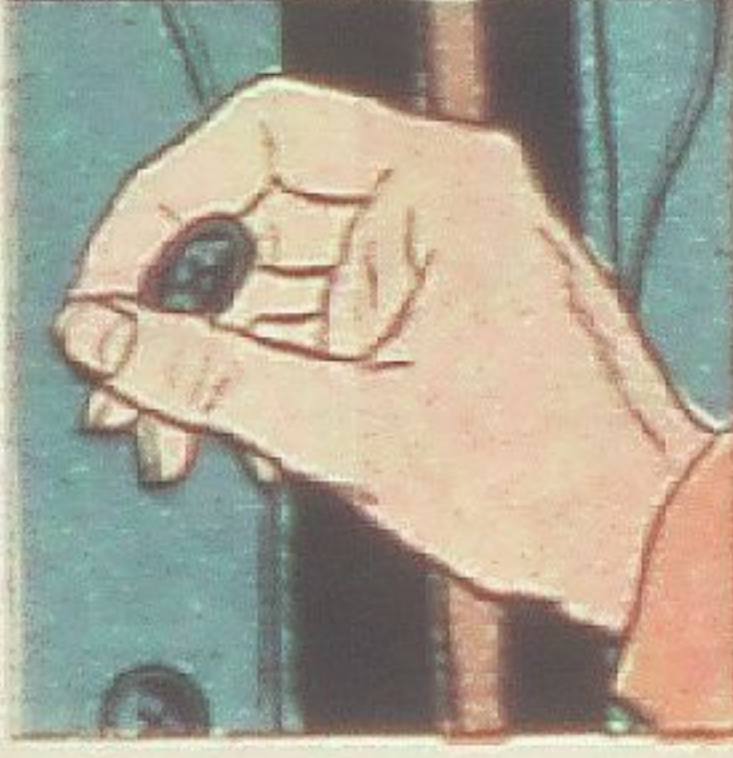
WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GIVE US SOME INFORMATION -



DO YOU KNOW IF MR. DOAN HAD ANY ENEMIES THAT -

YOUNG MAN, MR. DOAN'S DEATH WAS A SUICIDE! HIS BUSINESS IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS!

MEETING FLINT'S REFUSAL, RANCE DECIDES TO RACE TO THE BANK AND TRY TO GET THE BANKER OUT OF THE WAY. HE GETS TO THE BANK AND FINDS THE BANKER HAS ALREADY LEFT. RANCE JACKS THE BALL OFF A BUTTON -



QUICKLY, RANCE
POCKETS
THE BUTTON,
AND THE
TWO LEAVE
THE
BANK—

WELL, THE CRITTER
SEEMED PURTY
JITTERY 'BOUT
TALKIN' OF DOAN,
RANCE!

I HAVE A
HUNCH, CHAPS!
C'MON—

WE'RE GOING
TO SEE THE
SHERIFF
AGAIN—

AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE—

YOU WAIT
OUTSIDE, CHAPS—
I'LL BE
RIGHT OUT—

RANCE
ENTERS DAN
WILCOX'S
OFFICE AND
EXPLAINS
THAT HE
THINKS
HE HAS
A NEW
CLUE
ON THE
CASE—

—SO YOU SEE, DAN—
I'M ALMOST POSITIVE
IT WAS MURDER,
AND IF YOU'LL JUST
COME OUT TO DOAN'S
WITH ME AND LOOK
THINGS OVER—

WELL, RANCE—I
THINK YOU'RE ALL
WRONG, BUT I'LL
GO WITH YOU IF
ONLY TO CONVINCE
YOU THAT YOUR
SUSPICIONS ARE
WRONG—

WELL, WE'LL
SOON FIND OUT—

THE THREE MOUNT AND RIDE TOWARD THE DOAN HOME—

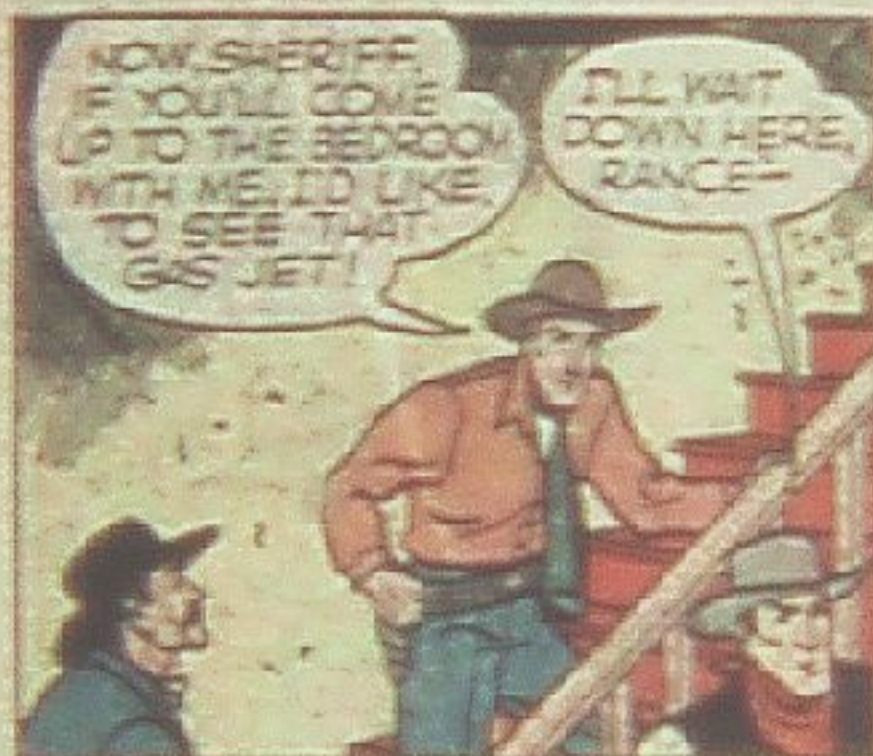
AS THEY
ENTER THE
HOUSE
TO MAKE
THEIR
INVESTIGATION—

MY IDEA IS
THAT THE MURDER
WAS COMMITTED
FROM THE CELLAR—

THE STAIRS
TO THE
CELLAR ARE
OVER HERE—

IN THE CELLAR—

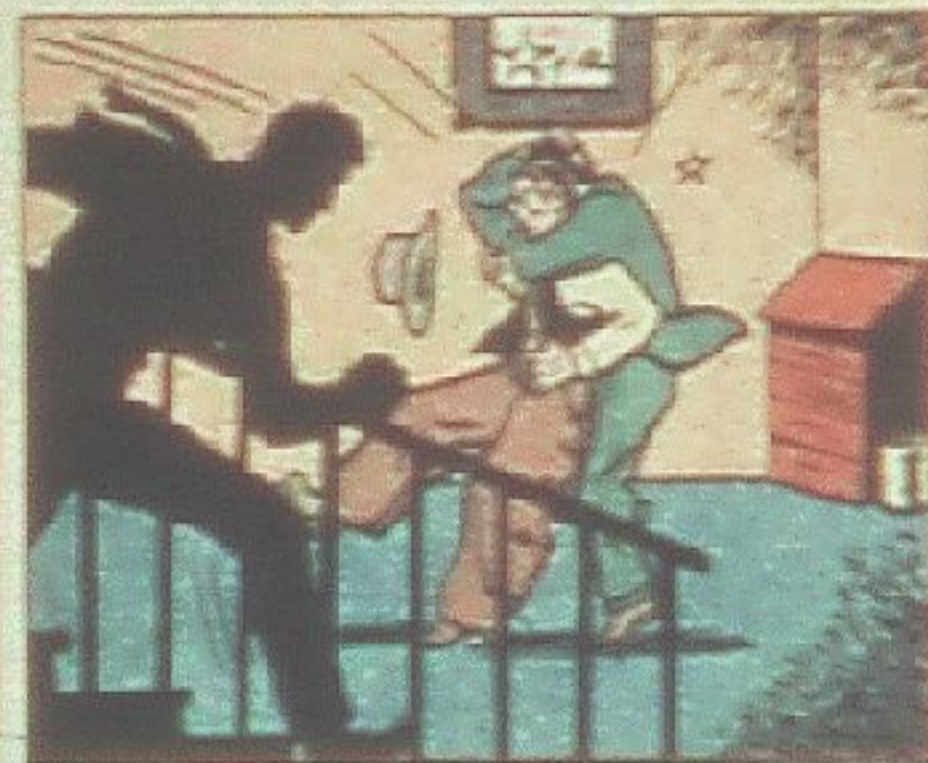
YOU SEE! THIS
GAS METER HAS BEEN
TAMPERED WITH!



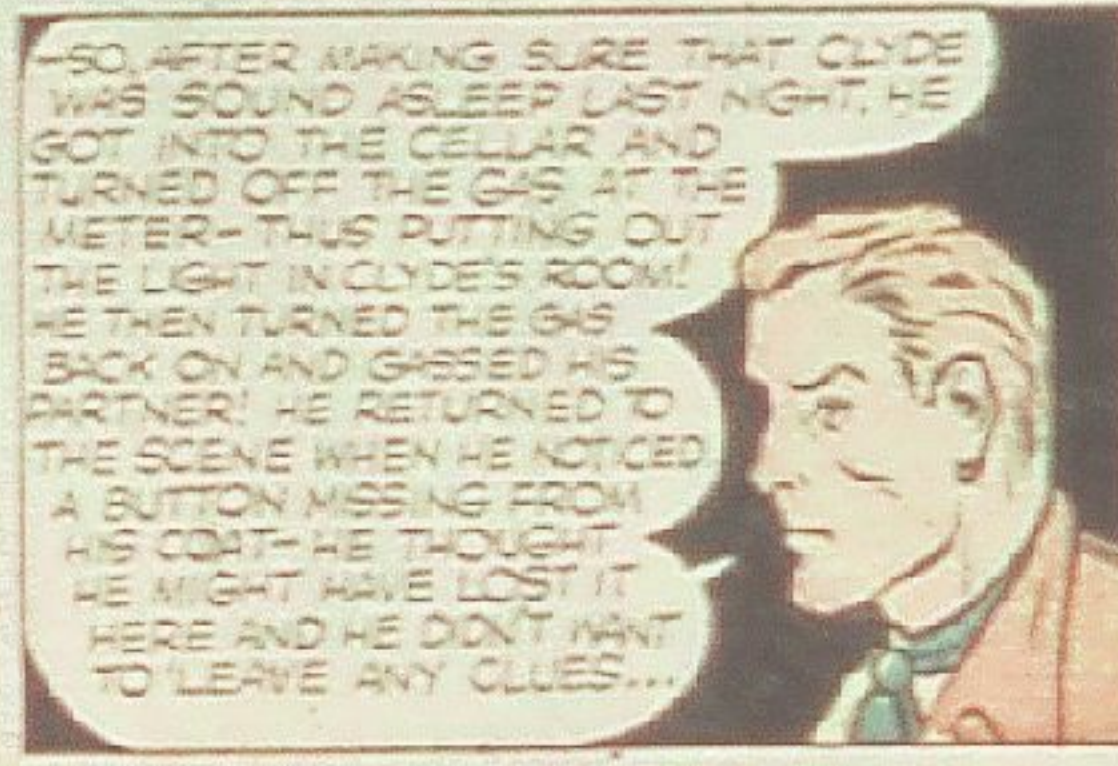
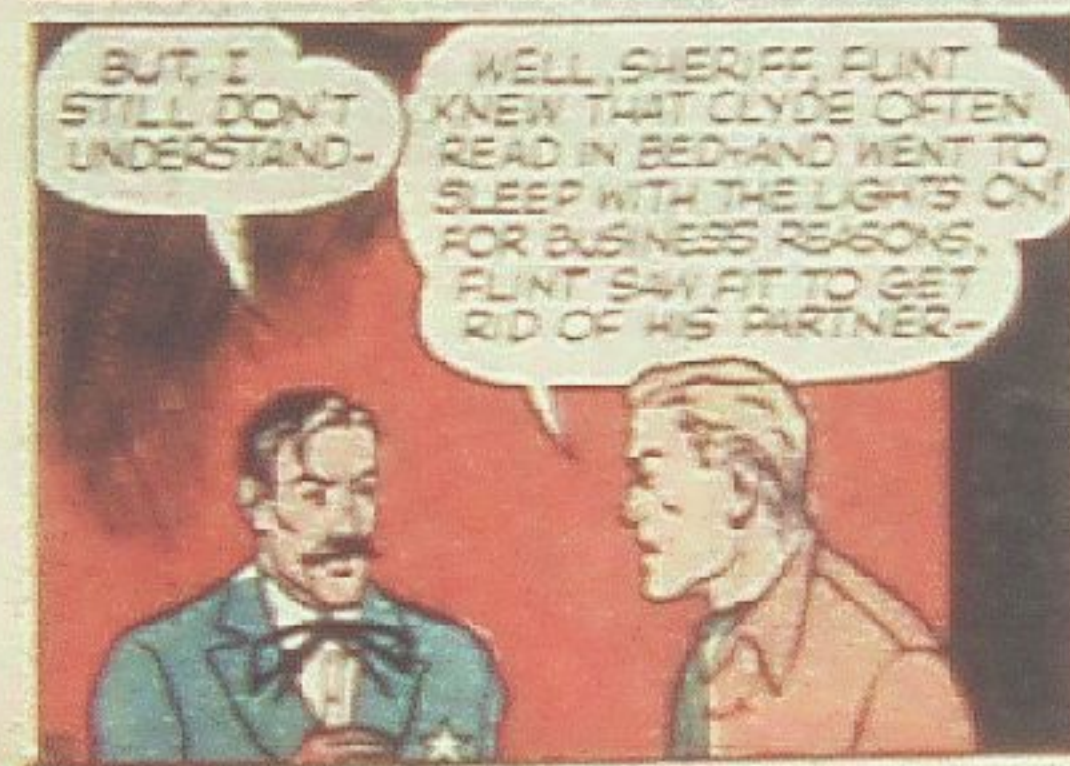
RANCE MAKES SHERIFF FLINT GO UP TO THE BEDROOM TO SEE THE GAS JET. BUT SUDDENLY...



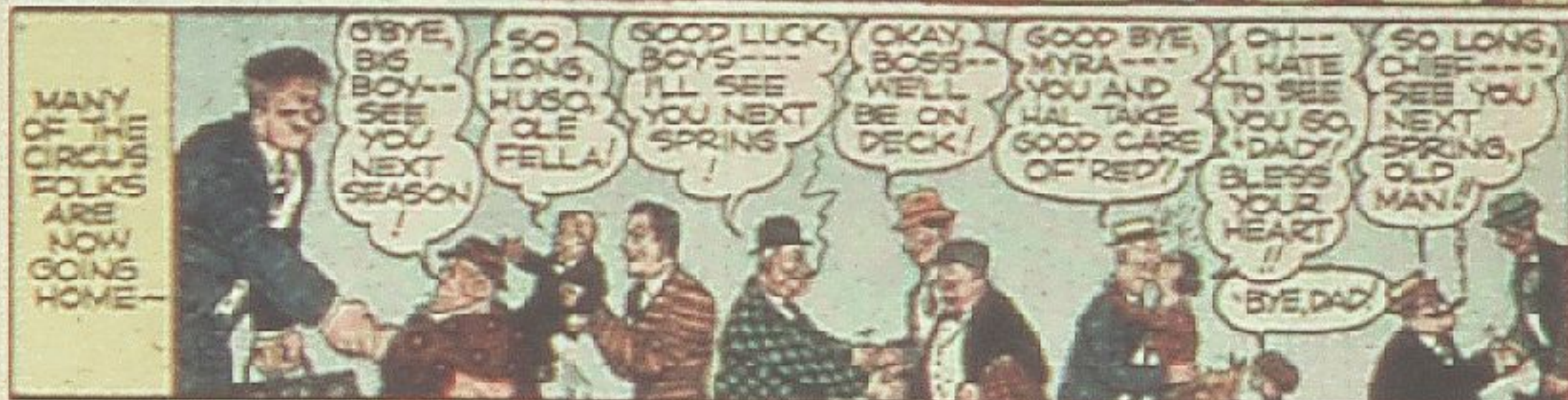
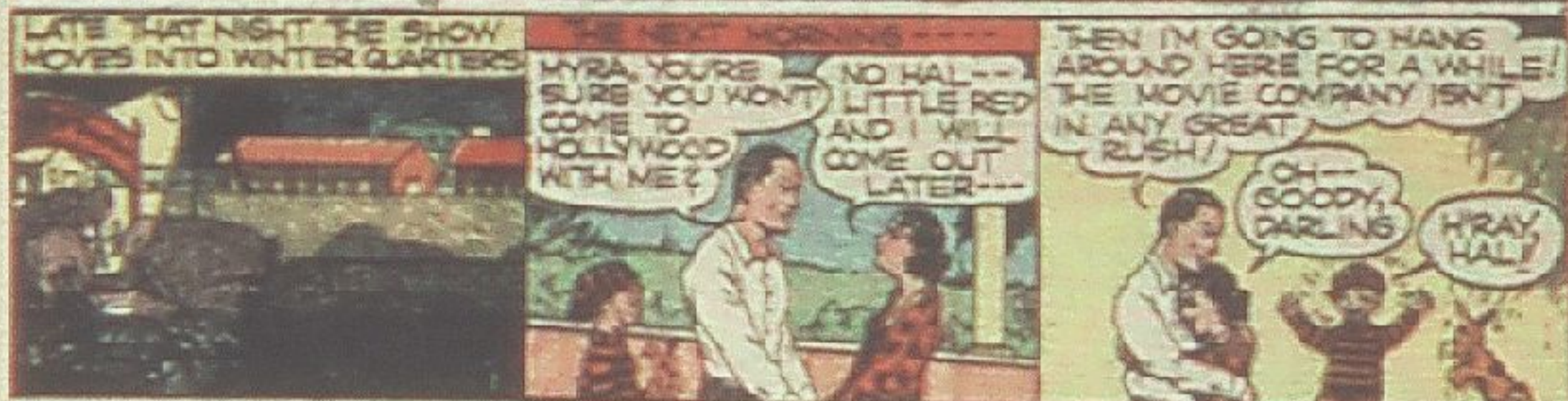
DASHING DOWN THE STAIRS THEY FIND CHAPS — FIGHTING DESPERATELY WITH A SHADY FOE—



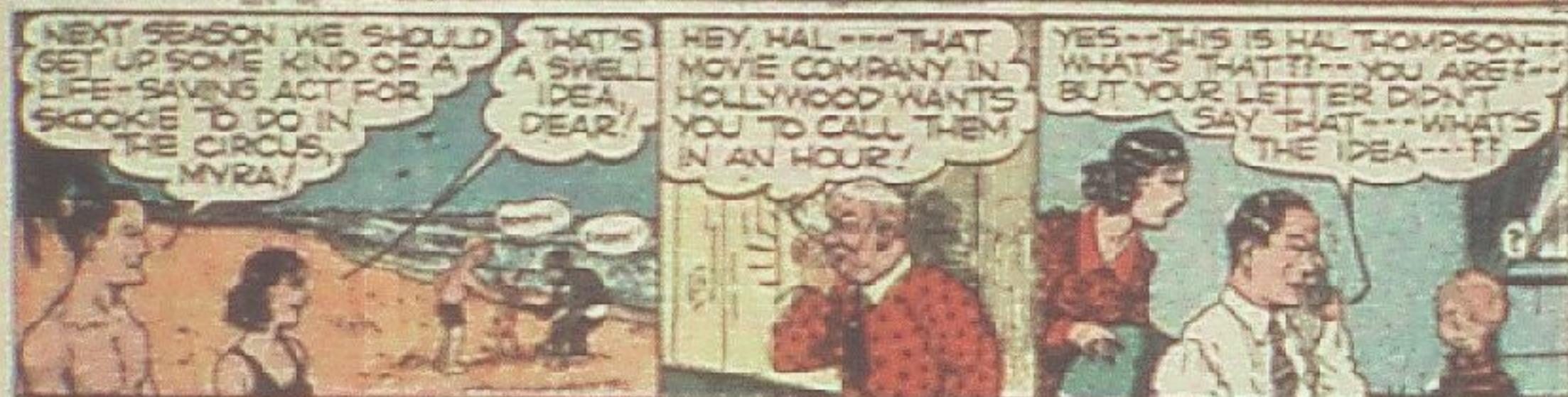
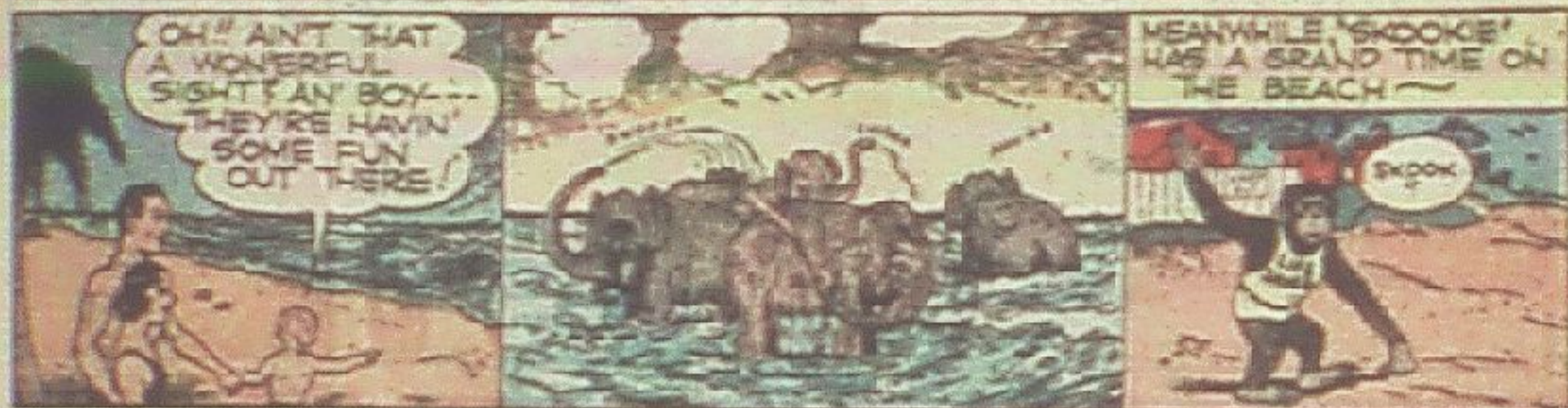
RANCE ENTERS THE FIGHT AND MAKES SHORT WORK OF CHAPS' OPPONENT—



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. H. DREW

LET'S GET STARTED—
WE'RE GOING THROUGH
MY HONE TOWN
TODAY, YOU
KNOW

HAVE YOU LET THEM
KNOW YOU'RE COMING,
JAKE?

OF COURSE THEY KNOW.
I WANTED THEM TO
HAVE TIME TO GET A
BIG CELEBRATION
READY

WE WON'T MIND IF JAKE
GETS ALL THE GLORY
FOR ONCE, WILL
WE BOO?

NO, NED,
BUT IT'LL
TAKE A
REMARKABLE
MEMORY TO
REMEMBER A
CHEESE
OMULET
LIKE JAKE

WELL, THIS IS THE
PLACE—MAYBE THEY
EXPECTED US TO COME
BY ANOTHER
ROAD—

WHAT A
DIN OF WELCOME!
A PIN DROPPING
WOULD SOUND LIKE
A NAKHOLE
COVER!

HEY, YOU GUYS—
WHERE IS
EVERYBODY?

WA-AH,
THERE'S TWO
OF US HERE
AND A COUPLE
ACROSS THE
STREET

I'M JAKE STAHL—
REMEMBER ME?

ONLY
STALL 1
KNOW IS THE
ONE MY HORSE
SLEEPS IN

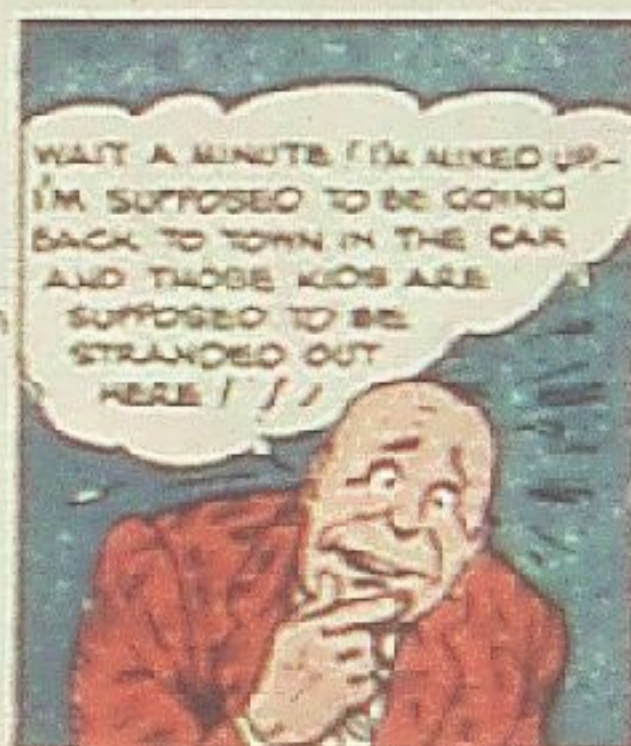
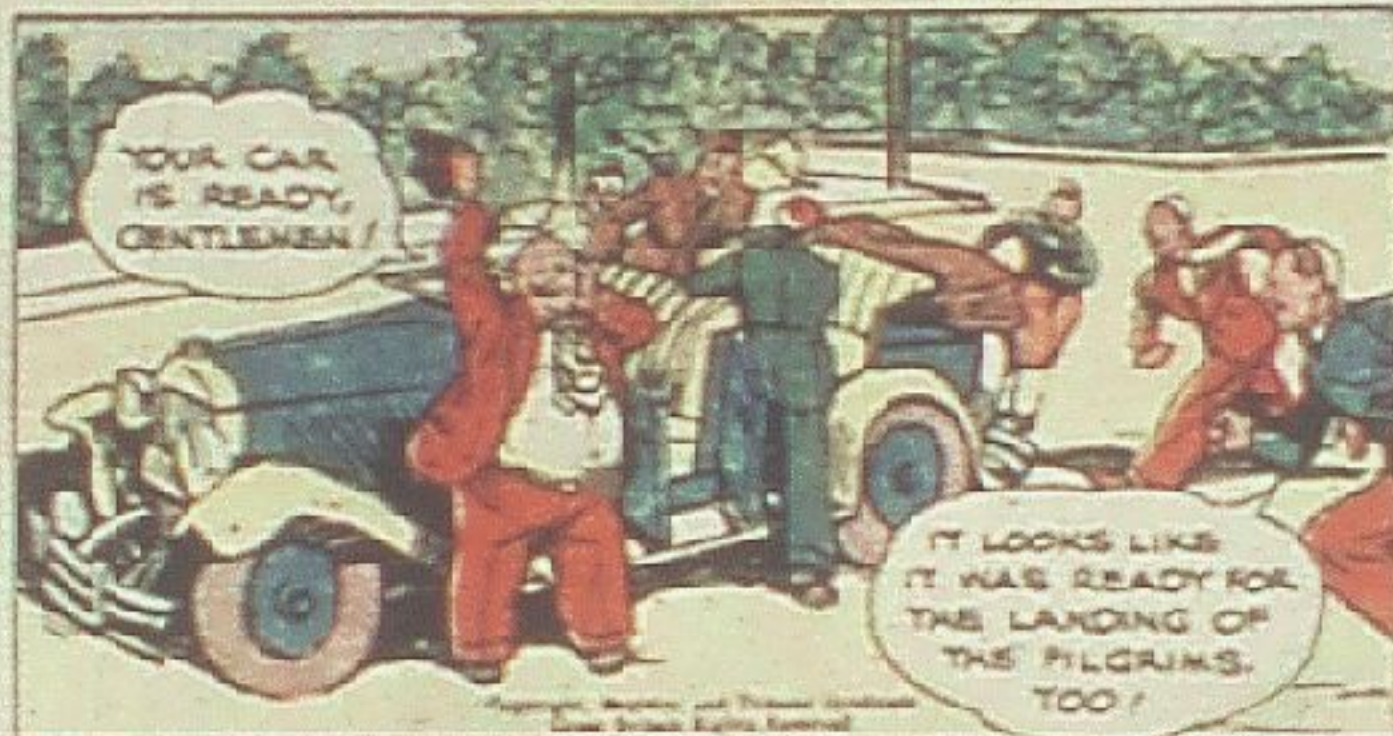
WELL
LISTEN—
DO SOMETHING
FOR ME,
WILL YOU?

WHEN YOU SEE THE
OTHERS, TELL THEM
ROOSEVELT'S BEEN
ELECTED!

YIPPEE!
CAINT BEAT
A ROCK
RIDER!

JAKE—WANT TO TAKE
A RUN DOWN TO SEE
IF THEY'RE STILL
FIGHTING AT
BULL RUN?

THE SOONER
WE GET BACK TO
CARTER COLLEGE,
THE BETTER!



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by G. M. DORR

COME AND GET 'EM, BOYS—THEY'RE UNCLESTERS AND THE JERSEYS HAVE A BUTTONHOLE FOR A CORGADE!

BOY, ON BOY! FOOTBALL SEASON!

TAKE A FURLONG, BOO, AND CLIMB INTO THESE!

WHEN I BRUSH THE SAND ALL HAVE A NEW MINUTE TO TALK TO YOU BEFORE THE TACKLE! CATCH UP WITH ME!

WELL, IT'S COACH BRANT AND ASSISTANT COACH SHELTON THIS YEAR, BUT HERE'S TO A GOOD YEAR, COACH!

TOGETHER SHOOTGUN—SEND MY COUGH IN, WILL YOU?

YOU'RE STARTING YOUR VARSITY CAREER, NED, AND YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN

THAT'S THE WAY I WANT IT, COACH

LOOK AT THE CRUMBY SUIT THEY GAVE ME, SLEDGEON!

BY MY—THAT'S TERRIBLE, BOO! HERE, HOLD THIS WHILE I RUN OVER TO GET A YARD OF LACE FOR HIS BANTS

SAME OLD SKEELS!

HE'S COCKY, BUT HE CAN PLAY FOOTBALL!

YOU KISSED YOUR MAN—IT WAS YOUR JOB TO TAKE SKEELS OUT!

HE INVITED ME, COACH, BUT I TOLD HIM I HAD A DATE!

THE COMEDIANS WILL TAKE CARE OF THE WISCRACKS, SKEELS—YOU TAKE OUT THAT END!

SORRY, COACH

NOW THAT BOY SLEDGEON CAN CRACK A LINE!

WITH NED BRANT AND BOO SKEELS AT THE HALVES AND THAT GUY AT FULL, WE OUGHT TO GIVE ANY OF 'EM A BATTLE!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. W. DODGE



THEY DON'T LOOK SO HOT!

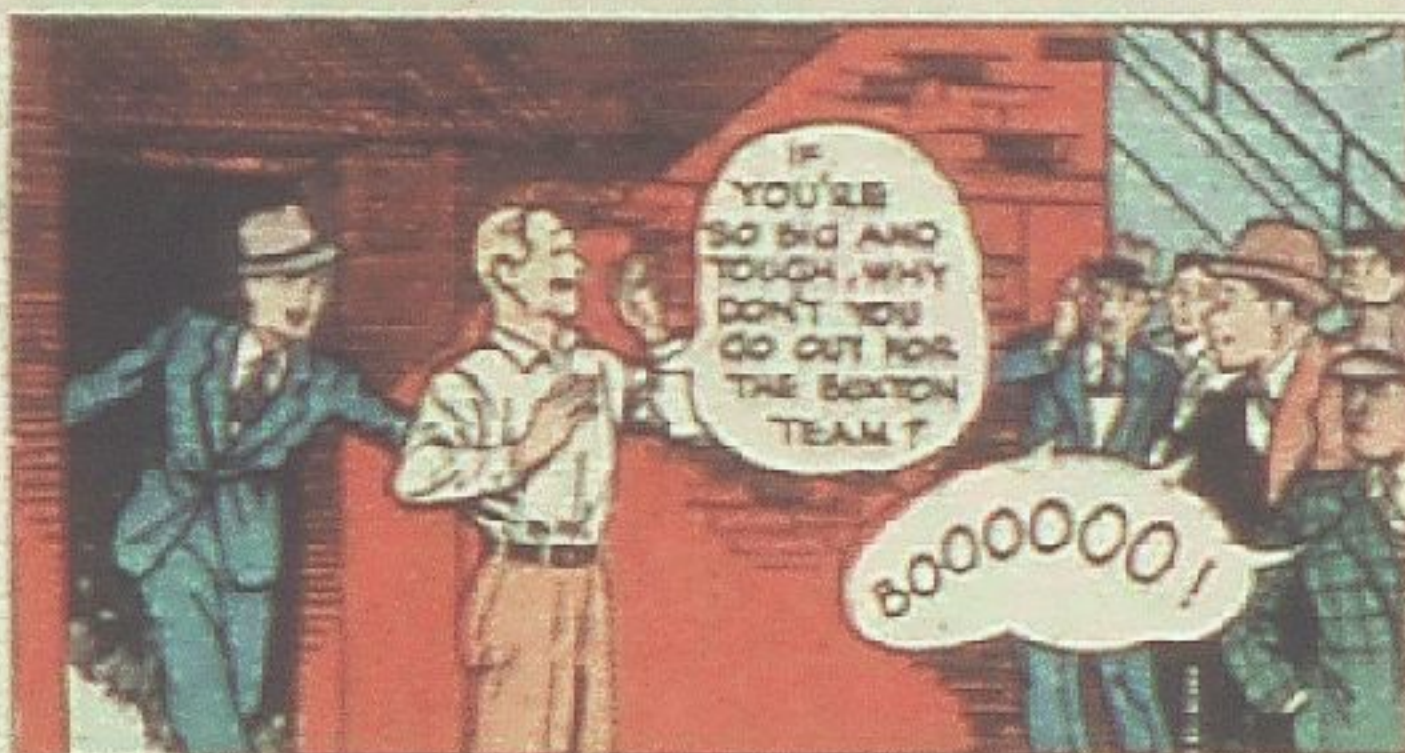
BOSTON'LL Wipe THE SMILE WITH THAT BUNCH!

NED BRANT AND BOB SHEKELS WILL FIND OUT THEY'RE NOT PLAYING HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL NOW!



WHERE'S BOB SHEKELS?

OUT THERE ARGUING WITH THE TEAM COACH.

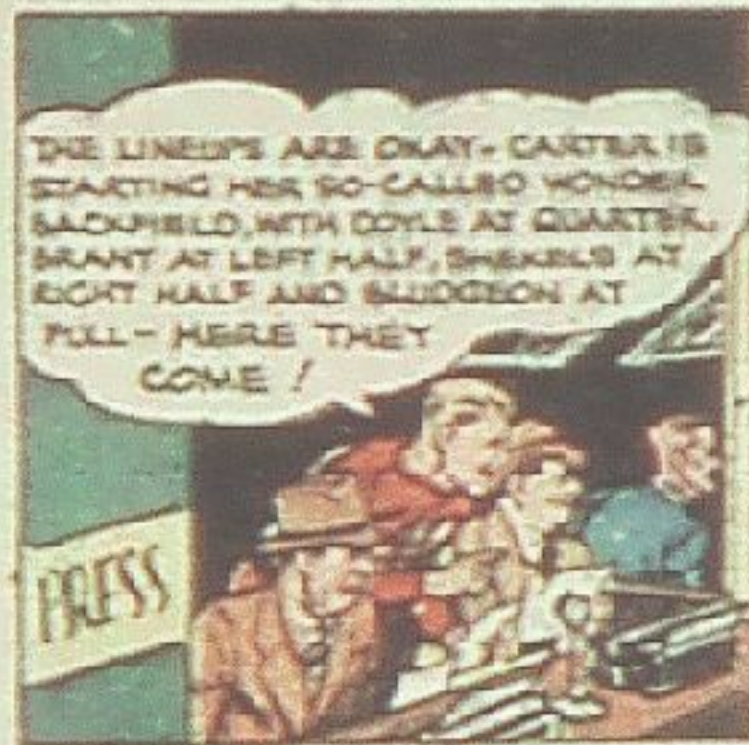


IF YOU'RE SO BIG AND TOUGH, WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT FOR THE BOSTON TEAM?

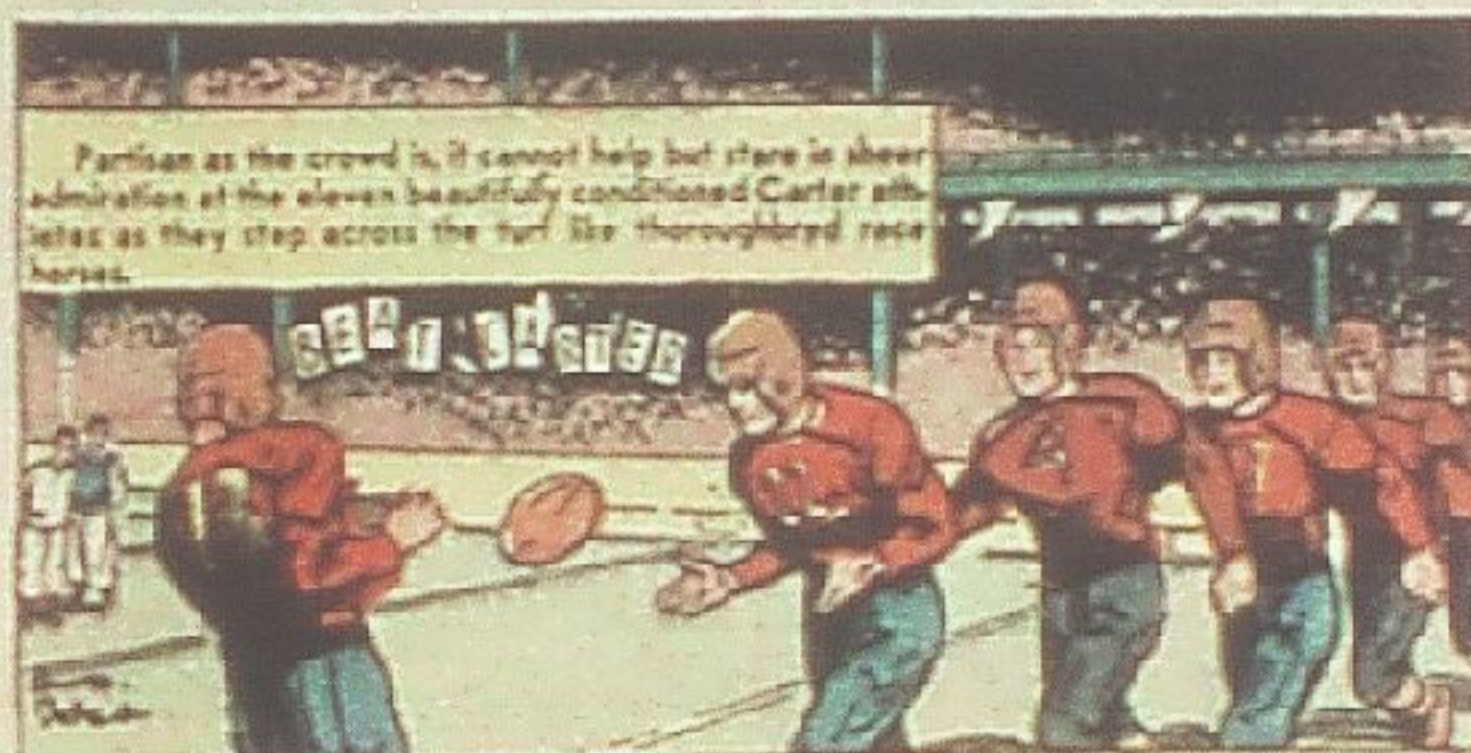
BOOOOOO!



THIS BOSTON TEAM IS BIG AND HUNKY—WE'RE OUTWEIGHED 15 POUNDS TO THE MAN—WE'LL START FAST AND SWEEP 'EM OFF THEIR FEET—IF YOU WIN THE TOSS, RECEIVE!



THE LINEUPS ARE ON—CARTER IS STARTING HER SO-CALLED WONDER BACKFIELD, WITH DOYLE AT QUARTER, BRANT AT LEFT HALF, SHEKELS AT RIGHT HALF AND SLUGGION AT FULL—HERE THEY COME!



Partisan as the crowd is, it cannot help but share its admiration at the eleven beautifully conditioned Carter athletes as they step across the turf like thoroughbred race horses.



HEADS—

TAILS IT IS!

WE'LL KICK!

Ned Brant is continued in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 29th.

SLIM and TUBBY

IN JACK HUMPHREY'S
NEXT EASY PUNCH
CHAMP DIXIE BENTON FOR
HIS NEXT FIGHT THE BULLY
NOYES MOVES



THAT'S THE WAY TO BRING
IT AROUND BENTON---
NICE WORK!!



WOW! THAT SURE SPUN ME
AROUND!! HOPE YOU CAN
DO THAT NEXT
TUESDAY!



DIXIE, AFTER THIS FIGHT
YOU'LL BE RAVIN' ABOUT
THIS UNKNOWN GUY BENTON
TO ALL YOUR
FRIENDS
WHEN YOU
GO BACK
TO HOLLY-
WOOD!



WELL, IF BENTON WINS I'LL
RIDE THAT WILD BRONCO--
AND IF NOYES WINS,
YOU RIDE HIM!



WYIA, TUBBY! GO ASK BENTON
IF HE WANTS T'LAY DOWN
HERE WITH THESE MUGS OR
IF HE'LL
WAIT TIL
TUES-
DAY!



SURE BENTON'S NERVOUS--
AFTER ALL, HE'S TACKLING
ONE OF THE FOREMOST
FIGHTERS IN THE BUSINESS!



WELL, IF YOU ASK ME, BOYS,
I'D SAY BENTON HAS A
GOOD CHANCE AGAINST
NOYES--YES--A VERY
GOOD CHANCE!



CMON, BOYS--MEET THESE
SPORTS WRITERS! I INVITED
EM ALL OUT HERE TO SEE
ME SLAUGHTER BENTON!!
HA--HA!



WELL, THIS IS THE
NIGHT WE'VE ALL
WAITED FOR, LADS!
IT'S UP TO ME---
AND I THINK
I HAVE
THE
STUFF!!



NOW REMEMBER, BOYS--
BREAK
CLEAN IN THE
CLINCHES--
AND--



THEY'RE OFF! OH--MY HEART
IS GOIN'
LIKE A
MACHINE
GUN, SLIM!
OH--



SURE! NOYES
IS DOIN' A
LOT OF
FANCY
DANCIN'
NOW---
BUT JUS
WAIT TIL
BENTON
SOCKS
EM, THEN
WE'LL
SEE IF--



SURELY BENTON SWEETS
AND HE CROOKS WITH A
BROODING LEFT TO NOYES
FACE



YIPPEE!! DIDJA SEE THAT!!
THAT MUST BE THE TRICK
SHIFT THAT JACK HUMPHREY
TAUGHT BENTON ON THE
QUIET!!



SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



More of Slim and Tubby in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

The Rules of the Game

By A. L. ALLEN

Bob rolled over on his stomach and lay watching the sheep grazing in the valley below.

"If it weren't for those blamed sheep Dad wouldn't be in this fix," he said, his voice sullen and angry.

His brother, Dink, didn't reply. He just sat leaning against the trunk of a mesquite tree, apparently not even listening. Bob snorted. When Dink crawled into one of his silent spells you might as well let him alone. If he didn't want to talk he just wouldn't, and that was that!

The silence continued for some time, then suddenly Dink said: "I've got an idea." Just that—nothing more. Bob didn't know whether he ought to ask "what" or just wait and see. So he compromised by saying: "Huh!" That turned the trick, for Dink began to "give out."

"There's going to be a rodeo in San Tone next week. There's a lot of money in rodeos."

Bob wondered what it was all about. Dink was brewing some sort of scheme. Better let him alone and he'd keep on "giving out."

He did.

"If we could win some prize money Dad could buy his feed."

This brought Bob up to a sitting position with a start.

"What do you mean—prize money?"

"Now look, Bob. It's up to us to do something. Dad's crops all

failed, his credit is all gone, he's got to have feed for the hogs. Right?"

"Yeah," Bob snapped, "that's right. Raisin' hogs!" There was contempt in his voice. "The idea of a man who's raised cattle all his life selling off most of his land to a sheep raiser, and turning his ranch into a pig pen! It's disgusting!"

"Hold your horses, Bob," drawled Dink. "You know very well that it was the only thing Dad could do. Most of his cattle died with hoof and mouth disease—he had to do something, and do it fast. It was the only thing left for him. Forget it! He's raising hogs now and you and I have to help him do it. That's all there is to it, so shut up and let's work something out."

Bob ducked his head—shamed. His brother was right. He was a pig himself to complain about anything his father did.

"Well," he asked, "what's your plan?"

Dink's face lighted with enthusiasm. "Now here's the dope: we enter the rodeo contests. The entrance fees aren't much—I believe Uncle Tad will loan us enough for 'em—and if we can cop just one prize Dad can buy enough feed to last until the next crop comes in."

"But what can we do in a rodeo? We can ride, sure! But so can everybody else in this neck of the woods. I'm not much good with a rope and neither are you. We never bull-dogged a steer in our lives, and . . ."

"That's where I think you're wrong. I believe you can ride any

horse on four feet. Of course I'm pretty small for that . . ." He grinned ruefully, thinking of how he had always been called a "dinky little fellow."

"And," he continued, "I believe I can do a few tricks . . . Well, anyhow, it's settled. We'll try."

"But," argued Bob. "I don't even know the rules of the game."

"Phooey on rules! You know that you've got to stay top-side horse and not grab leather—Isn't that enough?"

"Oh . . . I guess so. Come on, it's feeding time. Let's get home."

Although it took a tall lot of talking, Uncle Tad put up the entrance fees and agreed to keep his mouth shut. It must be admitted that the boys didn't say anything about "brooc-busting" and Uncle Tad was allowed to think that the contests they intended to enter were quite harmless.

At any rate, here they were. The Rodeo was in full swing. The parade around the arena was over and the trick and fancy riders were doing their stuff.

Dink—little Dink, not much bigger than a bar of soap after a hard day's washing—was mounting his horse. As soon as his foot hit the stirrup the beautiful little pinto stretched out in a run, as smooth and evenly paced as a machine. Dink knew every move of his horse. He had trained him from a colt, and his responses were perfectly timed—so were Dink's.

With a movement as quick and lithe as an Indian's, Dink came up, one foot resting—sure and light—in the seat of the saddle, his arms outstretched like an adagio dancer; the Pinto, neck arched, going like the wind.

Dink was good, thought Bob, watching from the side lines. What the Sam Hill was he up to now? Even he had never seen Dink do all these tricks. What was this? Dink's hands came down to his sides. He settled in a semi-

crouch, squatting, his feet still resting in the center of the saddle seat. Then—before you could catch your breath, he was up and over, then down again, seated in the saddle. He had done a complete somersault, landing gently and with sure grace back in the saddle on the running horse.

Dink was good! Bob swelled with pride. There he goes again! Under the saddle, under the belly of the flying horse, clear around and into the saddle again. Then, like a spinning top, he went round and round the neck of the Pinto. Movements so fast, so sure, so graceful that they seemed utterly simple.

Cheers rang from the grandstand. The judges were in conclave. Would they give the prize to Dink? Surely he had been the best, thought Bob, but you couldn't tell. Nobody but Dink had done that somersault. Surely they were! They were giving it to Dink! Little Dink—the champion trick rider of the Rodeo!

The calf-roping was over, the bull-dogging done. The broncs were being saddled in their narrow stalls. Already several riders had bitten the dust.

Bob, frankly scared and hardly knowing what he was doing, was sitting on top of the fence of one of those narrow stalls, ready to drop down into the saddle. His brain was whirling. All he could remember was that he mustn't grab leather—he must not touch the saddle with his hands. He had to stick on that horse somehow until the time limit was up. He didn't even know what the limit was. He only knew he had to stick!

He hardly knew it, but the gate was open. He was in the saddle and the bronc was out of the stall like a streak. Out and bucking!

Up on legs stiff as stilts. Down with a cruel jar. Up and down, spinning as he turned—sun-fishing. Pulling at the bit. Trying to get his head down, with the bit in his teeth. Have to keep his head up. But he couldn't. Bob

couldn't hold him. But, he thought, his mind cleared of fog for a moment—he hasn't got a bit in his mouth—only a rope tied to a halter. If he could have just the fraction of a second free from those frightful jars, so he could get a long breath—but down came those stiff legs again, jarring Bob's head down into his spine. The blood started to spurt—nose bleed. It gushed. It flew back in his face and blinded him. He couldn't see. He couldn't even feel. Must re-mem-ber—don't—pull—leather—Bob lapsed into unconsciousness. He didn't know it, but he was on the ground near the fence that enclosed the arena.

Dink, over on the other side of the arena—outside the fence—saw it coming. Saw that vicious long-horned head burst out of an enclosing gate and head straight for the still figure of Bob. Saw the bull lower his head and pause slightly, as he started to charge. Nothing could save him. No one could get across that arena to save Bob from those long horns.

Dink stood watching in horrified fascination. Watched while the impossible happened. Saw a rope jerk Bob up to the top of the fence and safety.

On the top of the fence, perched there with his lasso dan-

gling, a cow-puncher had used his head. Trained to think in split seconds, his mind had worked in time.

Gently, and with no apparent aim, the lasso had dropped and encircled Bob's legs, just as the bull had paused for the charge.

The doctor was working over Bob. "He'll be all right," he said, just as Bob's lids fluttered open. He grinned rather weakly and said:

"Hello little squirt. How'm I doin'?"

"Doin'!" one of the old-timers standing near said, "Boy, you done good! You're the first person that ever rode that yellow devil for the limit in his life. That horse's name is Dynamite, and the name shore fits him. Son, you copped that prize money for fair!"

"But did I obey the rules? Did I..."

"Feller," put in the old-timer, "when a man can ride like that the rules take care of themselves."

COVE OF THE BEASTS
starts in the November issue
of **FEATURE COMICS** —
on sale September 29th.



RUBE GOLDBERG

SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY

DO YOU THINK
THIS PICTURE
IS TRUE TO
LIFE? OH---
LET'S FORGET
IT! WE
SHOULDN'T
HAVE BROUGHT
IT UP IN THE
FIRST PLACE!!

HEY! YOUR LAST
MOVIE WAS A
FLOP SO I'M
RAISING YOUR
SALARY!!

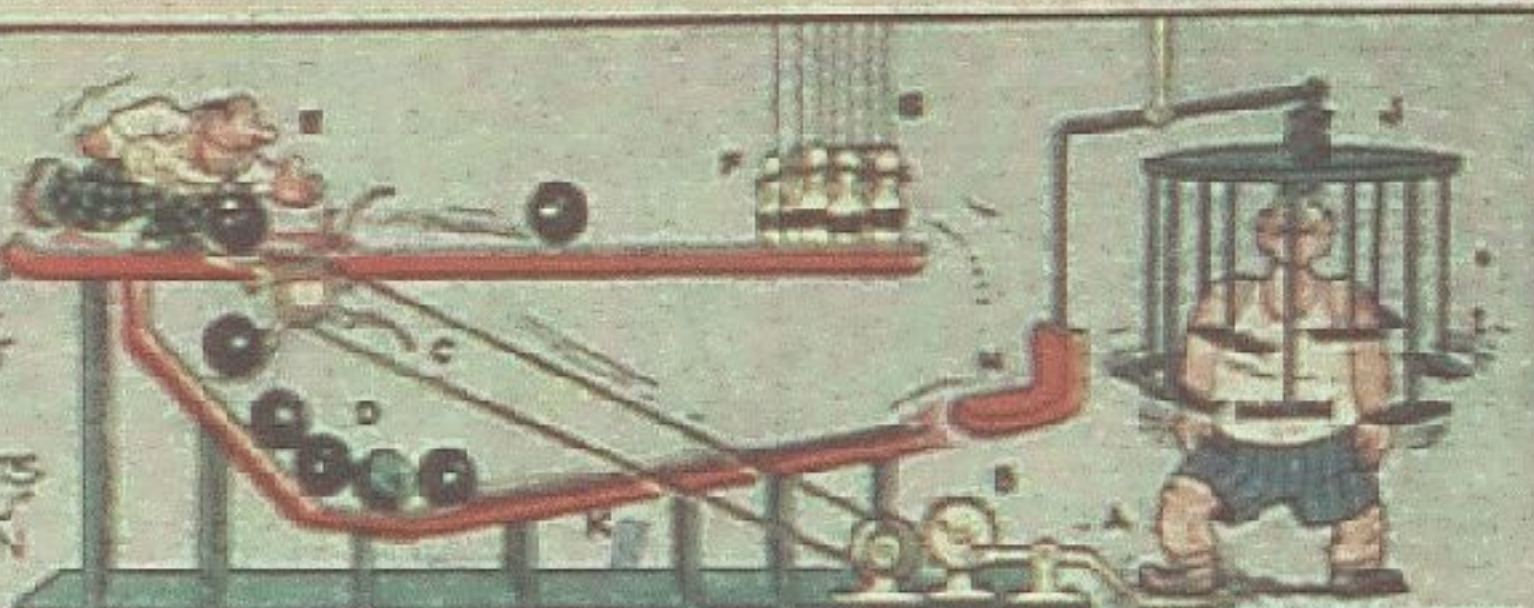
DON'T DO IT,
BOSS--I DON'T
DESERVE
IT!!



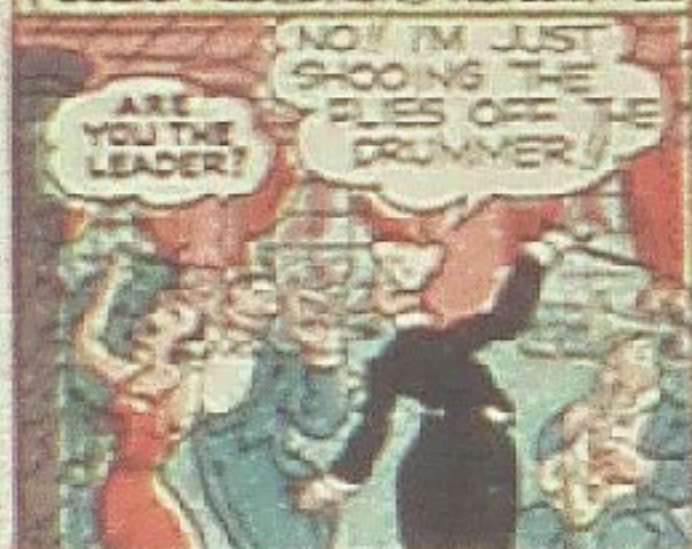
OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

OR THE NEW MOSQUITO- BITE SCRATCHER

FOOT PASSES PEGALTA
ODD-WHEEL BY RUNS BELT
WHICH LIFTS BALLS TO
AS MAN THROWS BALLS AT
PINS WHICH HANG FROM
STRINGS, BALL DROPS ON
PLATFORM--THIS STARTS
DEVICE HOLDING RAKES UP
--AND YOUR ITCH IS GIVEN
A GOOD GOING OVER!!



FOOLISH QUESTIONS NO. 338-462



NO!! I'M JUST
SHOOTING THE
FLIES OFF THE
DRUMMER!!

ARE
YOU THE
LEADER?



LOOK, HONEY!!
BUTTERCUP
THREW HIS
JOCKEY--
WE'VE LOST
EVERYTHING!!

BOO
HOO!!



OH, PAPPY!!
WHO'S
THAT LITTLE
MAN
CHASIN'
BUTTERCUP?



BUTTERCUP
WAS!
HONEY, WE'RE
SAVED!!

NIBSY,
THAT'S
ME!!



CANDID CARTOONS

SURE, MY HAIR
WAS FALLING
OUT LIKE YOURS
TIL I USED THIS
EAST INDIAN HAIR
TONGUE!! IT'S RATHER
COSTLY BUT---

I DON'T CARE
WHAT IT COSTS
I WANT A
DOZEN
BOTTLES
OF IT!!



YOW!! THAT FLATHEAD
ANGELO IS LOSIN' HIS
WIG JUST AS HE'S
BRAGGIN ABOUT HIS
WONDERFUL TONGUE
AGAIN!!



BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR!!

WHO PUT
GAS-
OLINE IN
THAT
STOVE?

TWENTY- TWO TALKS



THERE WAS A YOUNG
MAN NAMED CACTUS
SKIDADDLE--HE WAS
BORN OUT WEST AND
RAISED IN A SADDLE--



WHILE REGINALD SOFTY,
AN EASTERN MITE--
ON THE BACK OF A TOY
HORSE, CRIED WITH FRIGHT



BUT ALWAYS IN LIFE
CONTRASTS AROUND--
NOW SKIDADDLE IS
SCARED ON A MERRY-
GO-ROUND!!



WHILE ACROSS MOUNTAIN
PEAKS JAGGED AND
LOFTY--RIDES THAT
BOLD BUCKEROO,
REGINALD SOFTY!!

Rube Goldberg's Side Show appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.

JANE ARDEN

By Walter Newman and Margaret E. Ryan

JANE IS NOW RAPIDLY CONVINING THE DROOKED DEALER, BARNABY RUCKER, THAT SHE IS A THIEF.

SHE'S A SLICK CROOK, BOSS—SHE ESCAPED THE POLICE BY HIDING THE BRACELET IN MY DOCKET.

—AND THEN SHE TOOK IT AWAY FROM YOU!!

HMM—I MUST GET IN TOUCH WITH HER—SHE SAID SHE WAS STAYING AT THE REGAL HOTEL—

OH—MR. RUCKER! YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT THE MERO-HAN-DISE? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER—

I'M ABOUT TO OWN THE ROCKBILT GEMS, STEPHEN—THE POLICE ARE AFTER HER SO SHE CAN'T REPORT US.

I'LL BE IN THE CLOSE—DON'T MOVE 'TIL I'VE GOT HER, CHIEF!!

AH—I WAS EXPECTING YOU—WHAT PRICE ARE YOU ASKING FOR THE GOODS?

\$200,000—AND IT'S WORTH THREE TIMES THAT MUCH!

HMM—THIS IS GOING TO BE A SOFT JOB ALRIGHT!!

I HA!! GUESS WE GOT YOU AND THAT ROCKBILT BRACE—LET NOW, BIT!

NO—I WENT TO MR. RUCKER.

SO YOU WENT TO THE COPS AFTER I WARNED YOU!

NOW WHERE IS THAT BRACE—LET! REMEMBER, I CAN GIVE YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!

THE POLICE CAN'T TOUCH ME WITHOUT THE BRACE—LET, AND I WAS TOO SMART TO BRING IT HERE NOW—BUT IF YOU PAY MY PRICE—

WH—WHAT?

WE'LL SEARCH HER—I TOLD YOU SHE WAS SLICK!

WAL, LENA SAYS IF WE DON'T HURT SAM'L RUDDY, ALL SHE'LL MARRY YA FOR A LOW DOLLAR—

I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT NOW.

WHAT?!! I THINK OF THEM PIES OF HERB, DAN'L!

NOPE! HER TONGUE WAGGS TOO MUCH FER ME!

EVEN HER COOKIN' AIN'T WORTH IT—

I THINK IT'S NOBLE OF DAN'L TO STEP ASIDE SO'S I CAN MARRY SAM'L!

OH, DAN'L—YOU'RE A DEAR! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!

WAKE UP, DAN'L—THE GAL LOVES YE!

WAL—MEBBE I HAVE BEEN A BIT HARD ON LENA—AN' HER CARIN' SO MUCH FER ME!

GIT OUT YER BOOK, PARSON—RECKON I'LL MARRY 'ER.

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

AFTER THE CROOKED DEALER, RUCKER, LEARNS THAT JANE HADN'T BROKE THE CHECK-UP.

BRING THE MONEY TO MY HOTEL IN AN HOUR!

IF I PAY YOUR PRICE, WHERE WILL I GET THE BRACE-LETT?

I THINK I'LL CATCH RUCKER ON MY WAY!

WELL! DON'T REALLY WANT HIM--YET!

AN ARREST NOW MIGHT SPOT OUR CHANCE OF LANDING THE MAN WITH THE SCAR-- HE'S OUR AM-- BUT MEET RUCKER AS YOU'VE PLANNED--

ALL-- COME IN, MR. RUCKER! DON'T WORRY-- THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE!

SLOW ME THE MONEY AND I'LL GET YOU THE BRACELET!

HERE'S A CASHIER'S CHECK FOR \$200,000!

THE BRACE-LETT IS HIDDEN HERE---

I JUST COULDN'T HAVE IT ON ME!

IT'S THE ROCKBILT BRACELET! ALRIGHT! HOW DID YOU GET IT?

THAT'S MY SECRET-- AND I THINK I'LL HAVE MORE FINE JEWELS VERY SOON!

ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON KNOWS WHERE I'VE DONE THIS-- THE MAN WITH THE SCAR!

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND HIM-- MAYBE I CAN PULL HIM OFF A NICE JOBS TOGETHER.

NO-- THE WORKING ALONE! HE'S IN PARIS NOW, MAKING PLANS FOR A BIG DEAL!

WHUT FER SHOULD I ENA FAINT WHEN YE SAID YE'D UP AN' MARRY ME DAY?

MADE 'ER SO HAPPY I GUESS!

C'MON, PARSON-- GIT US WED! I WANTA GO FISHIN' YET TODAY!

NOPE! AINT AIN'T DO IT!

WHUT'S THAT? C'MON I SAY-- OR I'LL--

DON'T DARE TOUCH A PARSON!

HARM ME AN' NOBODY KIN ATTEND YER WEDDINS AN' FUNER--

HOW COMES YE WONT MARRY US?

WAL, I ONLY IS UP HEAH OUZ YE SAID YE HAD COOKED POSSUM, BUT YE LIED TME--

PORE PARSON-- WE WERE SO HUNGRY!

I AM THAT WHAT IS POSSUM?

WE GOTTA GIT 'IM A POSSUM-- AH GUESS!

BUT IF AN DON'T GIT COOKED POSSUM, THAR WONT BE NO MARRYIN'!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

A collection of clothing items including a red dress, a green dress, an orange dress, a red swimsuit, a white top, a black skirt, and a pair of shoes.

JANE ARDEN

JANE TELLS THE GOVERNMENT AGENT THAT SHE KNOWS THE SCAR IS IN PARIS



IN PARIS, EH? WELL, YOU'RE GOING THERE AND PULL A BIG ROBBERY AND--



SEE-- I'LL GET TO KNOW THIS SCAR--

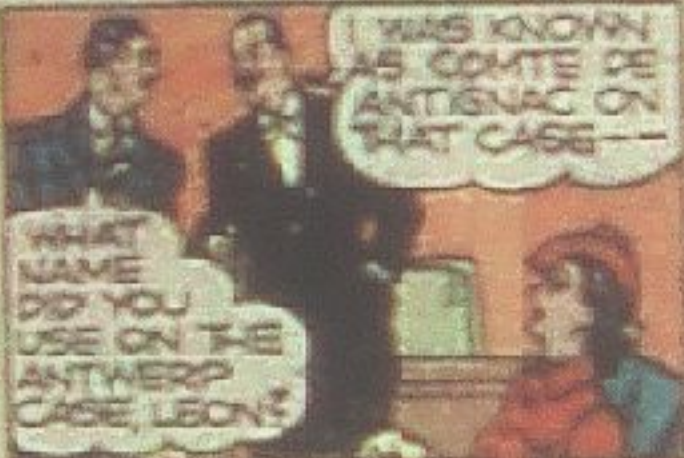


YES--YOU WILL BE A JEWEL THIEF-- YOU'LL ROB LEON MASSET

AND HE'LL BE A BIG GEM COLLECTOR



THIS IS MR. LEON MASSET, ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS--AND A FRENCHMAN



WAS KNOWN AS COMTE DE ANTIGNAC ON THAT CASE--

WHAT NAME DID YOU USE ON THE ANTWERP CASE, LEON?



FINE! THAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN--NOW WE MUST GET YOUR NAME IN THE PAPERS



THAT'S EASY! JUST HAVE YOUR AGENTS ESCORT HIM TO HIS BOAT!



AND HERE'S A NECKLACE, LEON--WORTH A FORT--ONE, ONLY JANE

I UNDERSTAND, AND YOU WANT NEWS OF IT IN ALL THE PAPERS

SHALL I STEAL IT, OKAY?



GOOD LUCK--AND NO--ONE MUST KNOW YOU ARE WORKING TOGETHER



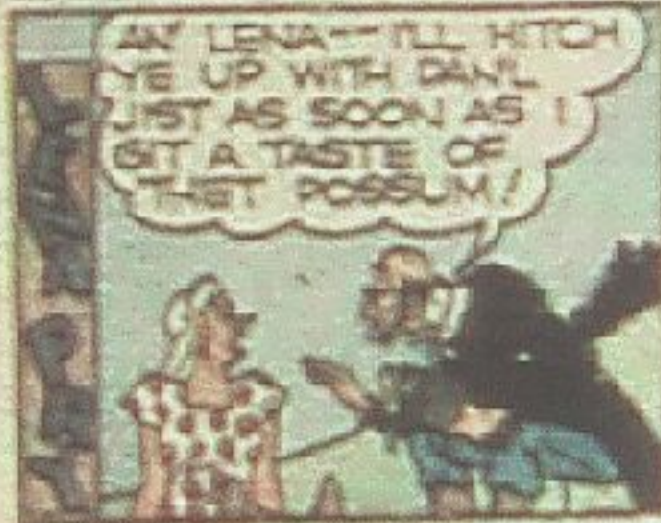
HEY--WHO'S THIS BIG SHOT?

LOOK AT HIS BODYGUARD! HE MUST BE AWFUL IMPORTANT--

IT WORKS! WE'LL GET PLENTY OF SPACE IN ALL NEWSPAPERS!



YES--I MUST HAVE GUARDS--FOR I AM A BIG DIAMOND COLLECTOR, COMTE DE ANTIGNAC!



AW, LENA--I'LL HITCH YE UP WITH DAN, JUST AS SOON AS I GET A TASTE OF THAT POSSUM!



NO! IT'S SAM! CUDDY I'M AIN'T TO MARRY!



WELL, I SHOULDN'T LET YE IN AFTER YE'VE BEEN WITH THEM PERKISERS!

PLEASE LET ME IN BEFORE THEY COME BACK!



LET 'ER IN, HAPPY--IT BE GITTIN' NEAR SNUDDER TIME!

RECKON AN COULD USE SOME MORE FRITTER VITTLERS NOW, LENA!



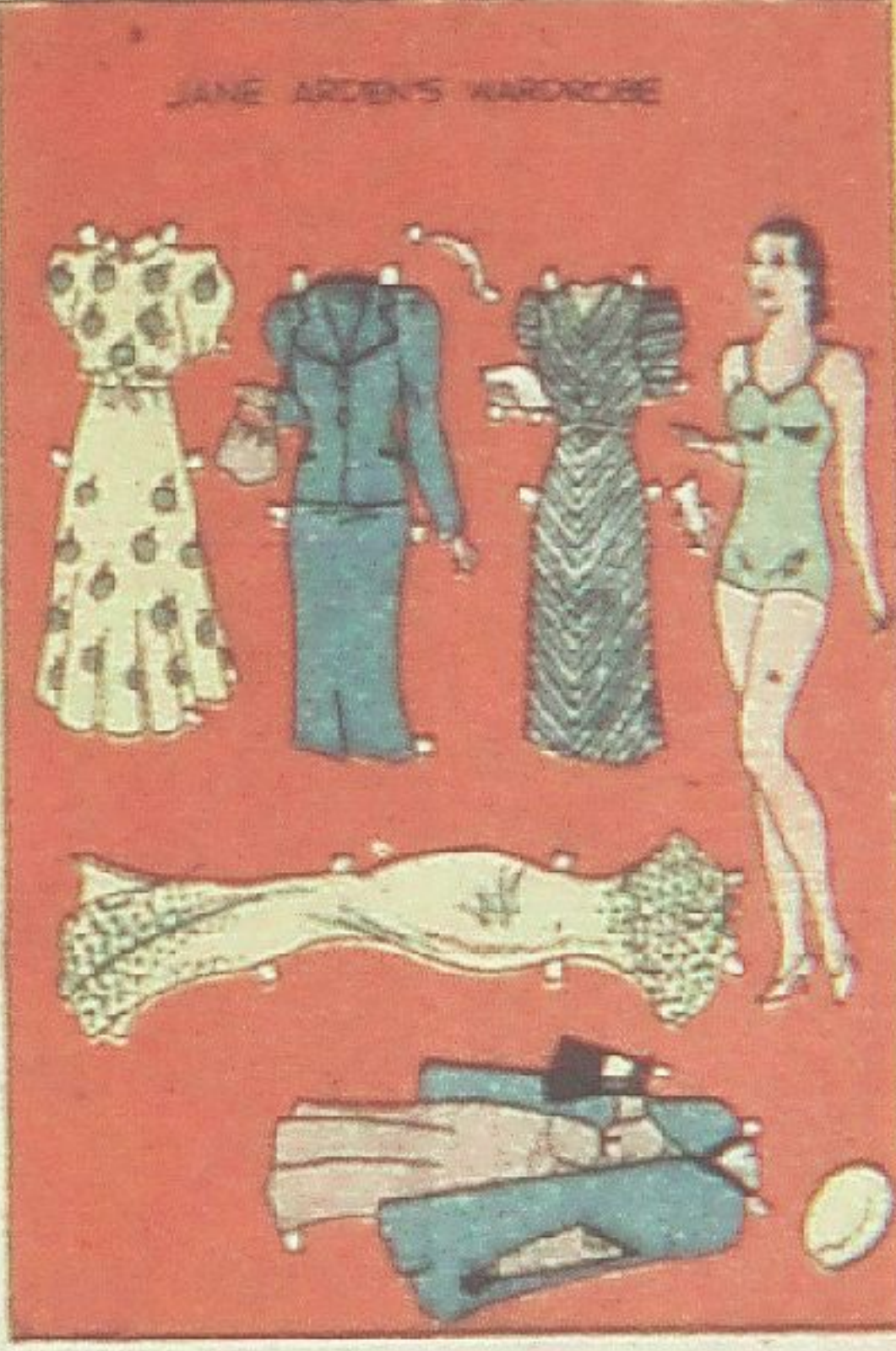
OH SAM! THEY WANTED TO MAKE ME MARRY DAN!

WELL, HUSH NOW--I'LL PERTECK YE!



AWRIGHT! NOW GET OUT THAR AN FIX SOME GRUB, GAL--AN HURRY!

THAT'S RIGHT--I JUST REMEMBERED I'M POWERFUL HUNGRY!



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

AS EVERY PAPER CARRIES PICTURES OF COMTE DE ANTIS-NAC ABOUT TO SAIL FOR EUROPE



NO RUCKER, ALL PAPERS WRITE OF HIS DIAMOND COLLECTION!

HMM--I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT 'EM--SEE IF I CAN GET PAST THOSE GUARDS CHIEF!

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR COULD GET PAST THOSE GUARDS CHIEF!



LOOK AT THIS PHOTO. DO YOU KNOW THIS GIRL?

W-WHY? IT'S THE GAL WHO SOLD YOU THE ROCKBOLT BRACE--LET--AND SHE'S NOW AFTER HIS STONES!



I MUST CABLE THE MAN WITH THE SCAR!



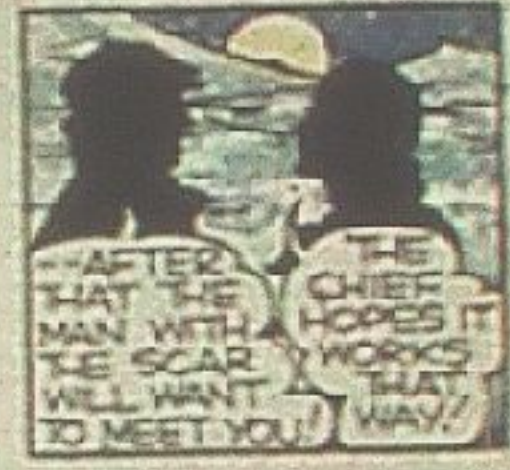
WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE UNDER MY DOOR--MUST BE FROM THE COMTE DE ANTIS-NAC!



HE WANTS ME TO MEET HIM ON THE BOAT DECK--BUT NO ONE MUST SEE US--

REMEMBER, BE AT MY HOTEL IN PARIS THE NIGHT OF THE 17TH--I'LL SET THE STAGE FOR YOU TO STEAL MY MOST FAMOUS NECKLACE!

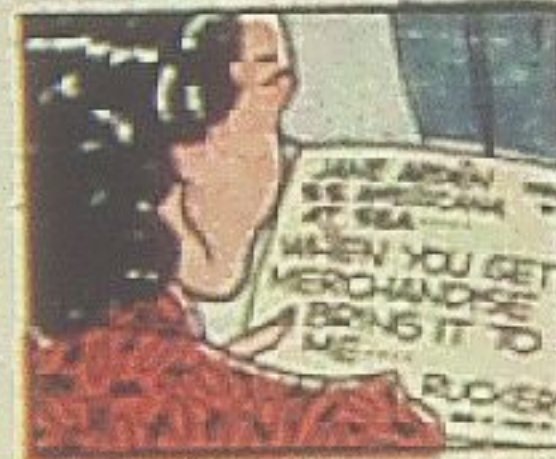
OKAY, I'LL BE THERE!



AFTER THAT THE MAN WITH THE SCAR WILL WANT TO MEET YOU! THE CHIEF HOPES IT WORKS THAT WAY!



WIRELESS FOR YOU, MISS ARDEN!



JANE ARDEN RE AMERICAN AT SEA--WHEN YOU GET MERCHANDISE BRING IT TO ME--RUCKER



I'M PLAYING IT BOTH WAYS, STEPHEN--IF THE GIRL BEATS THE MAN WITH THE SCAR TO THOSE STONES THEY'LL STILL COME MY WAY!

WE WIN EITHER WAY--EH, BOSS?

CONTINUED



WAL, DADSON--I GOT YE A NICE DOSSUM TOOK AFTER ALL!



NOW LET'S SIT ON WITH THE WEDDIN'--WALD'S LENA!

SHE'S WITH THE RUDDYS AGIN' BOYS!



C'MON--LOAD UP, BOYS! THE FEUD IS GOIN' TO START ALL OVER!!



WHUP! HEY, BOYS--I SWEEL WHORTLEBERRY TARTS SHO NUFF!



WOW! WHORTLEBERRY TARTS!



WE QUIT! MEN CAN'T GO ON FEUDIN' WHEN THEY'S HUNGRY AN' WEEN THEM POWERFUL GOOD TARTS!!

YUM--YUM!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



Jane Arden is continued in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale September 29th.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

BEHOLD!



"HEY!! THAT'S MY COLLAR BUTTON YOU PULLED!"



"THIS IS A SWELL WAY TO SHARPEN 'EM, TONY!! AND WE WORK UP INTEREST IN THE CROWD TOO!!"

"MARRY ME, OSCAR--AND LET ME TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS!"



"HE USES A CADDY IN GOLF SO HE'S TRYING IT HERE!"

"DARN THAT STOP LIGHT--NOW I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!!"



"WOW--I'M SORRY I EVER TOOK THIS JOB ON THIS SKI TRAIN!"

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED



by ART PINAJIAN

WELL, HERE I AM, JIM—
WHAT'S WRONG?

TOM WADE, MY FATHER'S
HELPER IS BACK IN TOWN—
AND HE CAME BACK
ALONE!



YOU SEE, SERGEANT REYNOLDS,
LAST YEAR MY FATHER LEFT
FOR HIS GOLD MINE IN THE
MOUNTAINS AND HE TOOK
WADE WITH HIM...



—NOW I JUST OVERHEARD
WADE ASKING RED CLOUD,
THE HALF-BREED, IF HE
WANTED HALF SHARE IN
A GOLD MINE!



THAT MEANS SOMETHING
HAS HAPPENED TO DAD AND
WADE IS GOING BACK WITH
FRESH SUPPLIES—YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP ME, SERGEANT!



LOOK—HERE
COME WADE AND
RED CLOUD ON
THEIR WAY DOWN
TO THE RIVER!

I'LL ASK
WADE A
FEW
QUESTIONS!



WADE, JIM HERE
WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW HOW HIS
FATHER IS --



OH—HE'S
FINE—YEP—
JUST FINE!
LET'S GO,
RED CLOUD!

YOU'RE LYING,
WADE! ---HOW
COME YOU OFFERED
RED CLOUD HALF
SHARE IN A...



WHAT
TH'--!!
HOW
DID
YOU---?

ME KEEP HIM
QUIET!

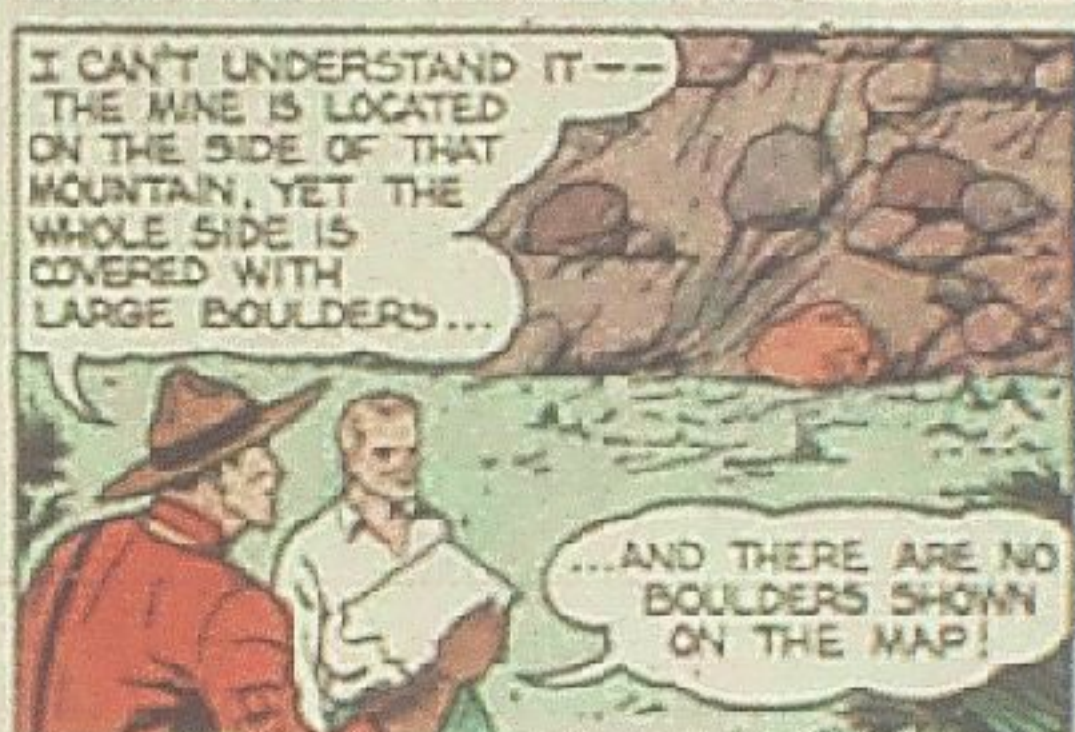
WHY YOU FOOL!
QUICK—RUN
FOR IT!



W-WHAT IF THAT
KID FOLLOWS
US --AND--

HAVE NO FEAR--
HIM WILL NOT PICK
UP TRAIL THAT I
SHOW YOU!







C'MON- FOLLOW ME WITH THAT BOX OF DYNAMITE! WE'LL BLAST OPEN THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE, AND THE FALLING ROCKS WILL CRUSH THOSE TWO DOWN THERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN!

UM!! SMART IDEA, WADE!!



WE'LL NEVER FIND THE MINE ENTRANCE, SERGEANT-- JUST LOOK AT ALL THOSE BOULDERS!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT, JIM!

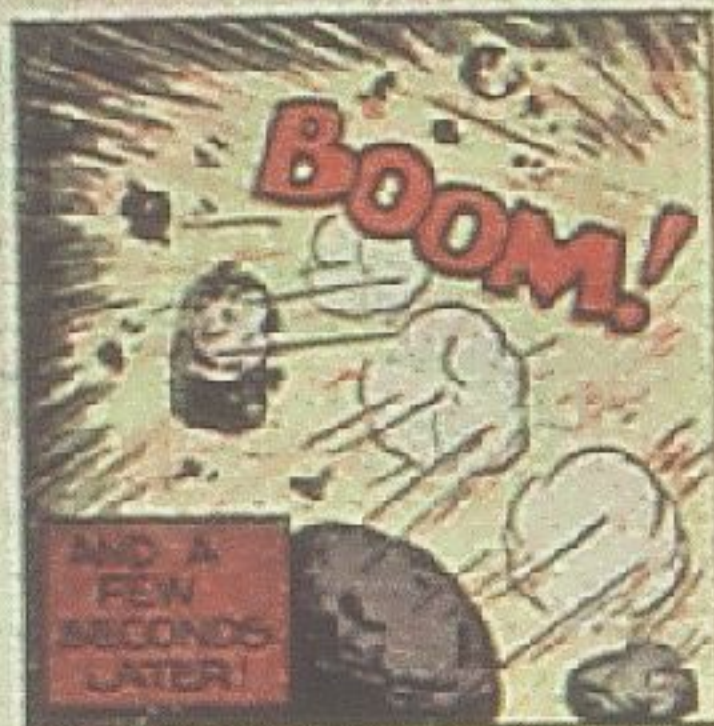
IN THE MEANTIME, REYNOLDS AND JIM HAVE STARTED UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE.



OKAY, IT'S LIT! QUICK--RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



HERE!! DUCK UNDER THIS ROCK!!



AND A FEW SECONDS LATER!



L-LOOK OUT, SERGEANT!

WOW!! DIVE FOR THAT LEDGE, SON!



WHAT A CLOSE CALL THAT WAS!



SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THIS IS SOME OF WADE'S WORK--THANKS TO GOOD LUCK IT DIDN'T SUCCEED!!

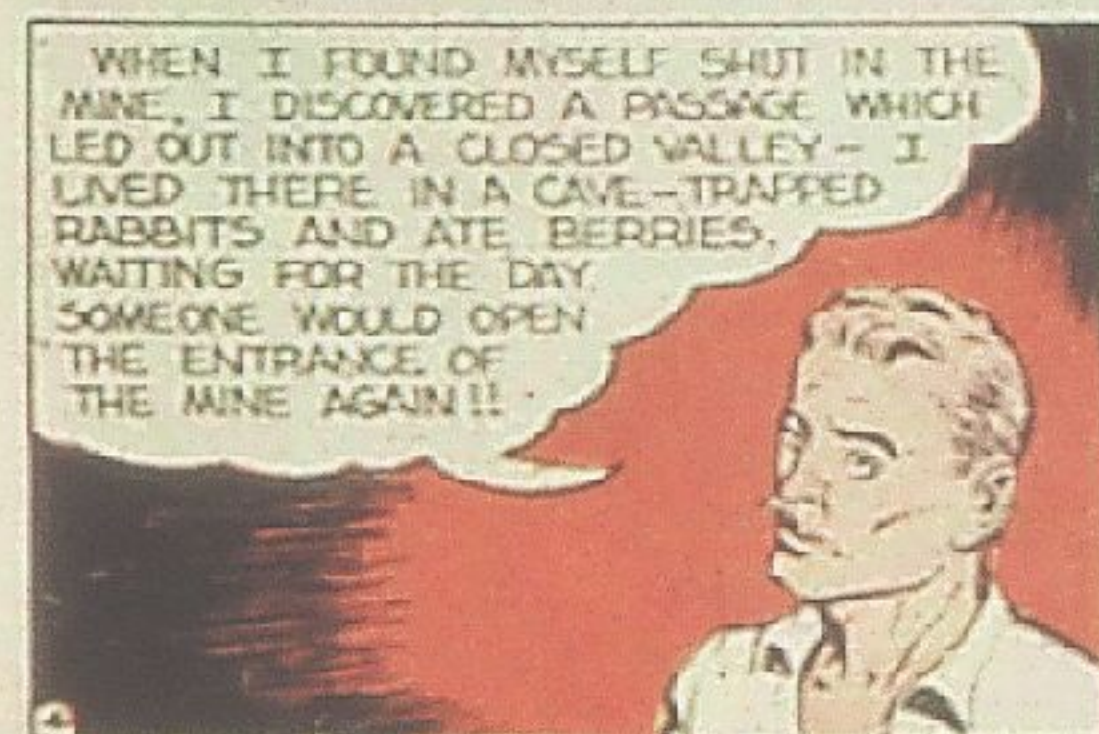
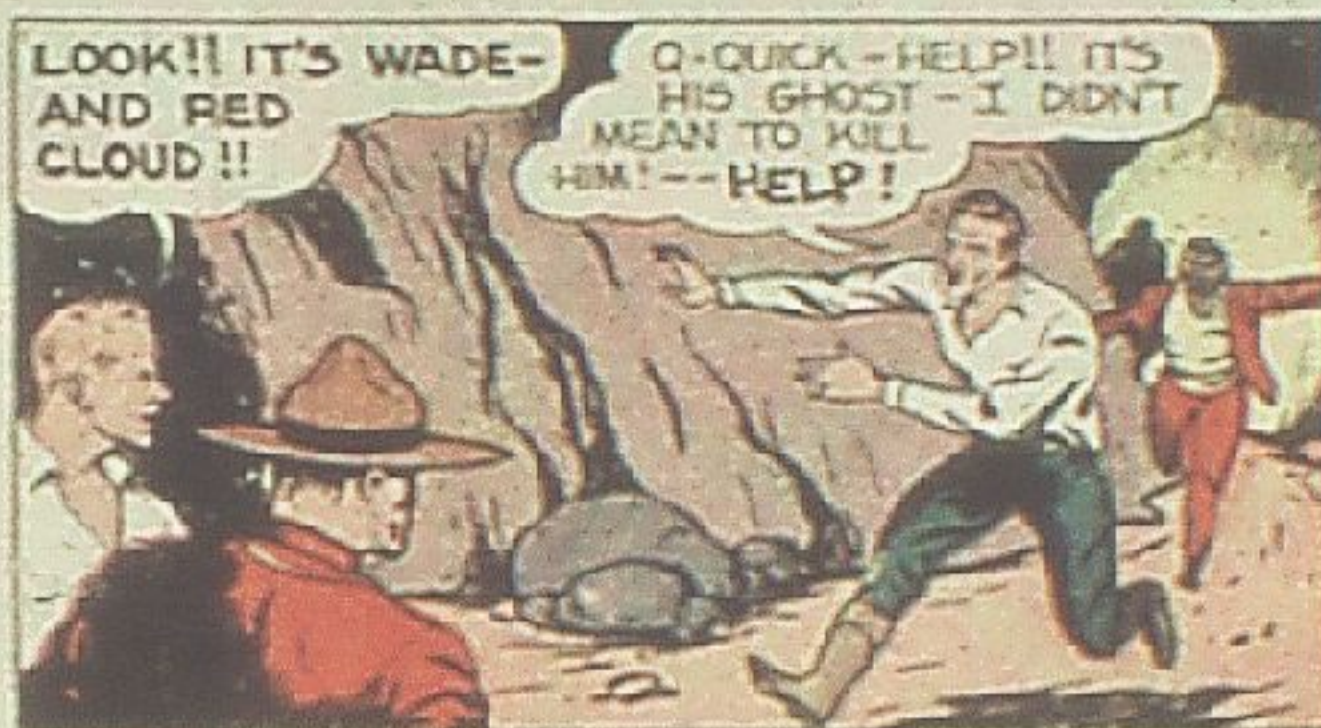


HA!!--THAT LANDSLIDE MUST HAVE GOTTEN 'EM! LOOK, RED CLOUD--THE MINE ENTRANCE!! LET'S GO!



THERE, RED MAN! THE MINE IS OURS!!

THE INDIAN AND WADE RUN UP AND ENTER THE MINE!



OFF SIDE - BY JO METZER

ROLLS DEVELOPED

25c

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Two 3x7 Double Weight
Professional Enlargements
& Glass Prints.

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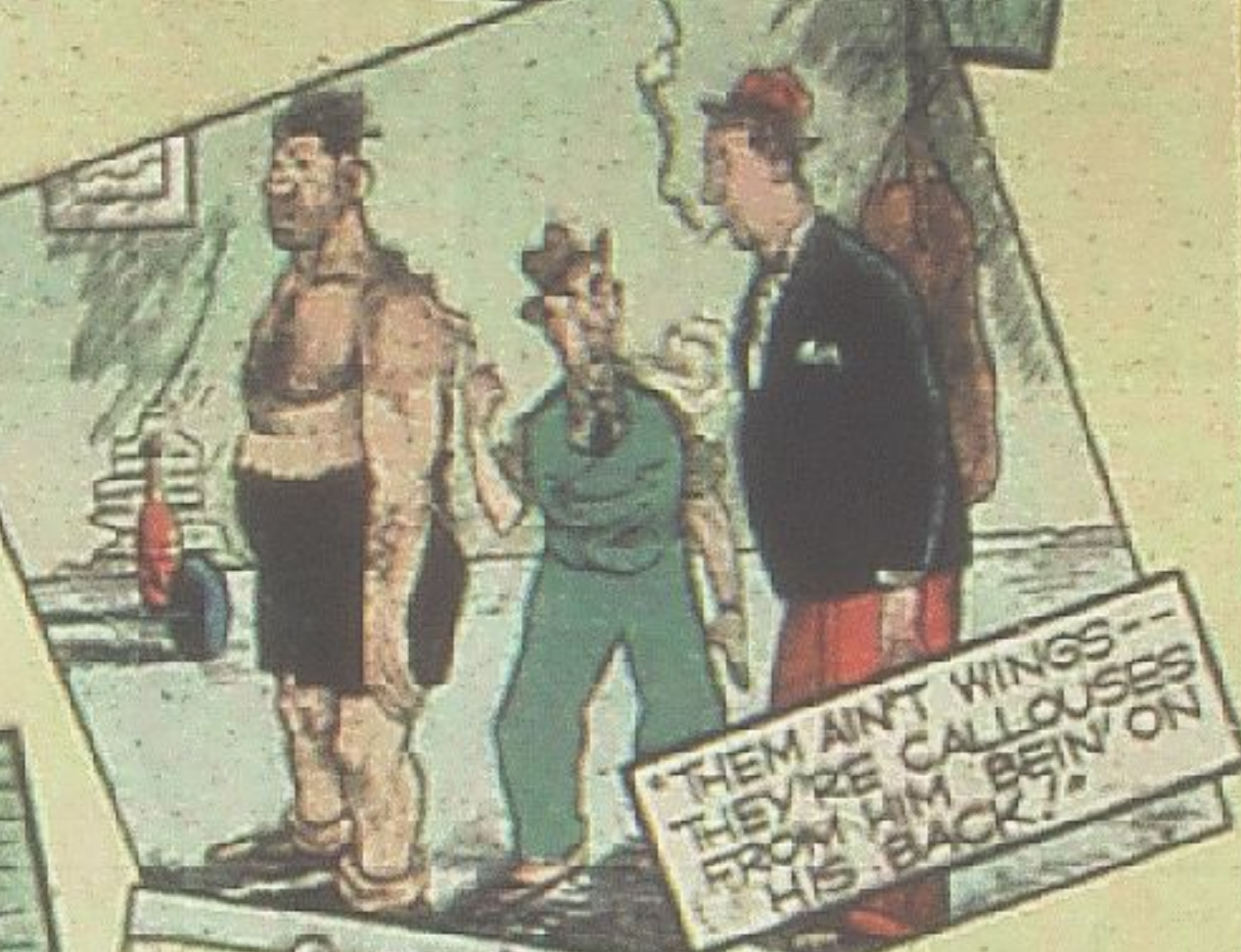
"HONEST, THIS IS A
SWELL GOLF COURSE
WHEN THE TIDE'S OUT!"



"WELL CAN I HELP
IT IF THEY GET IN
FRONT OF MY TARGET?"



"THEM AINT WINGS--
THEY'RE CALLOUSES
FROM HIM BEIN' ON
HIS BACK!"

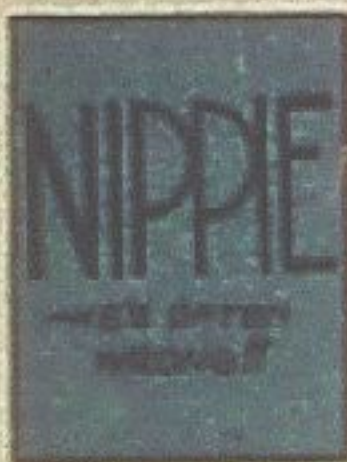


"NOW, WHEN THAT RIVAL
PITCHER TRIES TO BUST
IT, YOU'LL GET A HIT!"



"IT'S A NEW
IDEA FOR
COACHIN'
RUNNERS
ON
THE
BASES!"

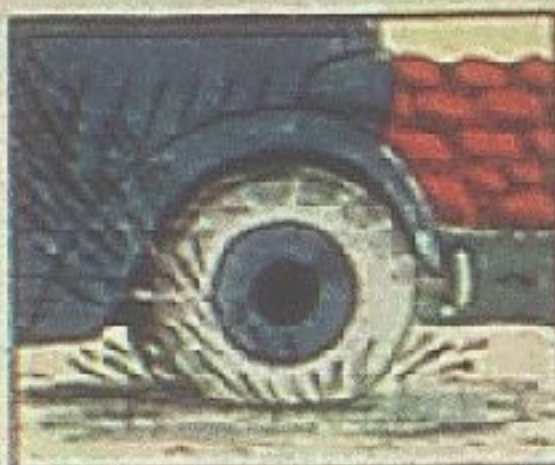
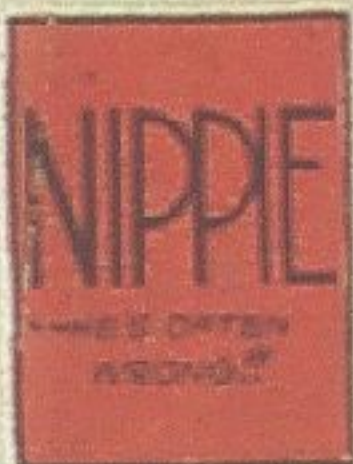




MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

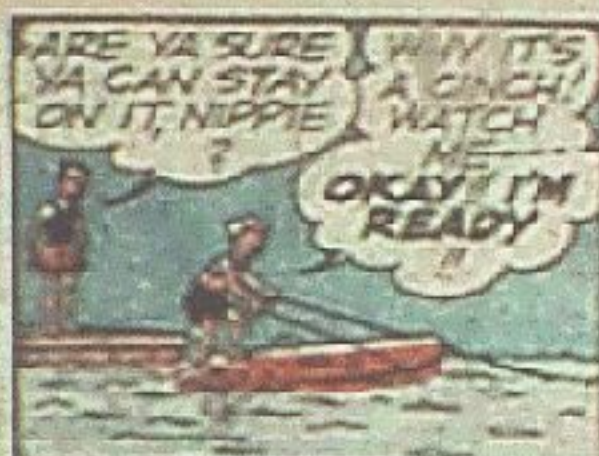




MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





ARE YA SURE YA CAN STAY ON IT, NIPPIE?

WHY IT'S A CINCH! WATCH ME!

OKAY! I'M READY!!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



IT WAS SWELL OF JIM BROWN TO FIX IT SO WE COULD PLAY HERE, UNCLE PHIL!

I'LL SAY IT VARS! AN' I'LL ENJOY EVERY MINUTE OF IT!



OH LOOK!! THERE'S A WATER HOLE RIGHT HERE AT THE START!

WATER HOLES DON'T BOTHER ME! I JUST STEP RIGHT UP AN' SOCK IT!



YA'LL HAFETA HIT A GOOD ONE, UNCLE PHIL-- I BARELY GOT OVER!!

DON'T WORRY, I FEEL I'M GONNA PLAY THE BEST GOLF OF ME LIFE NOW!!



HA-HA!! RIGHT IN THE WATER!



TAKE YOUR TIME ON THIS ONE, UNCLE PHIL---

DON'T BE TELLIN ME!! I WAS PLAYIN' GOLF BEFORE YOU WAS BORN!



IT JUST ROLLED IN! THAT'S A SHAME!

BAH!! WHY THE CADDY KIN GET IT OUT AN' I'LL PLAY IT FROM THERE!



I AINT GONNA REACH FOR IT, MISTER-- THAT SWAN GOES FOR YA!

THEN STAND BACK!!-- I AINT AFRAID OF NO SWAN!



KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU SEA-SOIN' OSTRICH---OR I'LL WRAP THIS CLUB AROUND YOUR NECK!!



OOOOOW!



GEE--I'LL BET IT WAS A SWELL GOLF COURSE TOO!

AW-- SHUT UP!!

NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 29th.

READ

FEATURE

COMICS

EVERY MONTH for the tops
in action, humor, and thrills.

Joe Palooka, Mickey Finn, Jane Arden, The Clock, Ned Brant, Off The Record, Lala Palooza, Toddy, Dixie Dugan, Mortimer Mum, Big Top, The Bungles, Reynolds Of The Mounted and Slim and Tubby have been running for some time in **FEATURE COMICS**. However, we predict that the new features we have recently added-Charley Chan, Rance Keane, Captain Fortune and Rube Goldberg's Side Show-will soon be equally popular.



Remember the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS** goes on sale September 29th. Buy it from your regular newsdealer-and reserve your copy now.



EVERYBODY GOES FOR COLUMBIA-BUILT BICYCLES

*— they've been tops
for 60 years!*

No WONDER boys and girls by thousands go for Columbia-Built Bicycles! 1939 models have snappy colors, smooth lines—and a choice of swell new features that make folks say, "There goes a bike that has everything!"

But that's not all by a long shot. Dad or mother can tell you the extra thrill of owning a bike built by the makers of the world-famous Columbia. Back of these great bikes is the experience of more than 60 years in designing, picking the finest materials—and learning special ways to build bicycles that are the easiest-riding bikes in their field—and sturdy enough to take the toughest going in their stride.

See the models for boys and girls at your dealer's today!

GO MODERN — GO LIGHT WITH A COLUMBIA-BUILT LIGHTWEIGHT

New this year! Real lightweights for boys and girls! Ride a Columbia-Built Lightweight—and you'll know there never was a bike so packed with thrills and action!

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Only Columbia Bicycles carry the grand old Columbia Nameplate. Only Columbia-Built bikes carry the exclusive "Built-by" Seal on the front mudguard. Either one tells the world you've got a bike built by the makers of the world-famous Columbia — America's finest bicycle for over 60 years. Write today for free, illustrated booklet, "How to Care For Your Bicycle."



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